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THE RHYME OF THE TWO LITTLE BROWNS.



A BOY that was spare, and a girl that was fair,
Were riding from school in town ;
With a pony and cart, through the heart of the mart,
Drove Edgar and Elinor Brown.

The brow of the lad was exceedingly glad,
With never a sign of a frown ;
While with grace in her place, and a smile on her face,
Rode sweet little Elinor Brown.

But alas for the day and alas for the way
(O Edgar, O Elinor Brown !),
If a harness were sound, would it drop to the ground
On the smooth, even streets of a town ?



In a ponyless cart, in the heart of the mart,
 Sat Edgar and Elinor Brown,
 While the frolicsome bay, with a gay little
 neigh,
 Went galloping out of the town.

Then laughter broke loud from the men in
 the crowd,
 For folk love a joke in the town;
 But gayest of all in the street or the stall
 Were Edgar and Elinor Brown.



Their carriage was light, they 'd no fright of 'T was a sight for a dream, this brisk little
the night, team:
Brave Edgar and Elinor Brown! Bold Edgar swung strides through the town,
So they plodded the way of the frolicsome While with grace in her place, and a hot happy
bay, face,
To their home in the outskirts of town. Ran sweet little Elinor Brown.

Mary Elizabeth Stone.



THE PRIZE CUP.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XIX.

TRACY LISLE AND DORD OLIVER.

TRACY LISLE entered upon his new duties with a satisfaction to which a feeling of triumph over Gideon gave a peculiar zest. He laughed as he handled the hose with which Midget had been sprinkled and he himself had been threatened, saying to himself:

"He told me never to set foot on these grounds as long as he was in charge; and I said, 'You won't always be in charge.'"

He wondered a little that the prophecy had so unexpectedly come true. Meanwhile it was a pure delight to see Midget playing about the place, free and happy, and enjoying, in his own silent way, the new order of things. The child, who had always been accustomed to run in and out of the house at pleasure when the Melvertons were at home, would have taken similar liberties in their absence if Tracy had not vigorously kept him out.

So, before going in himself that afternoon to close the windows and pull down the shades, he sent the little deaf-mute home, promising to follow soon. He had carefully put everything in order, and was about lowering the shade of a back chamber window, when he saw something like a human figure moving behind the vines of the trellis framed against the side of the barn.

"Why, is that Midget?" he said to himself. "Has n't he gone home yet?"

But it was n't Midget; a much larger form appeared at an opening of the vines, a head nodded, and a hand made signs to Tracy.

"It 's George Oliver!" he said. "What can he want of me?"

The two boys were about the same age, and were on good terms enough, but not so inti-

mate as they had once been, the Oliver boy consorting too much with the idle and reckless sort to be, in Mrs. Lisle's opinion, a fit companion for her precious son; in the opinion also, we may add, of the precious son himself.

"He never would have come here for me," Tracy reflected. "He must think Gid Ketterell is still in charge; he is after Gid,"—his conclusion being that George Oliver had seen, but had not recognized, him through the window. "I 'll ask what he wants, and maybe find out something else"; for he had been all the afternoon in a study as to which of the associates of Gid and Osk he should approach, in order to follow up the clue to the robbery of the prize cup, given him by Mr. Walworth.

He was undoubtedly right as to George Oliver's object in visiting the place. George appeared very much surprised to see Tracy coming out of the back door presently, locking it, and walking straight to the trellis.

"Hello, Dord!" said Tracy, smiling diplomatically.

Young Oliver had at first thought of taking himself unceremoniously out of the way; but though he might easily have avoided an interview, there was not time for him to escape recognition. So he concluded to remain and face Master Lisle with as confident an air as he could assume upon short notice.

"Hello, Tracy!" he replied, smiling in his turn, but somewhat glassily. "I did n't know it was you."

"Well, it happens to be," said Tracy, with engaging suavity. "Sorry I 'm not the one you wanted."

"That 's of no consequence," Dord replied. "I thought Gid Ketterell—"

"Gid went off some little time ago. Can't you make use of me in his place?" said Tracy. "You know you and I used to be pretty good friends, Dord."

"Yes; I always did like you, Tracy," Dord answered honestly, pleased at the turn the talk was taking. "We don't see much of each other, lately, though."

"No," said Tracy; "and I wonder whose fault it is."

Poor as the Lisles were, since the minister's death, they stood high in the respect of the village people, and likewise in their own esteem. Tracy, as he grew up, saw more and more the propriety—insisted on by his mother—of keeping a certain class of boys at a distance. This independence on his part they resented by calling him "stuck-up" and "big-feeling." They might have conceded his right to keep apart from them if the Lisles had been wealthy, like the Melvertons; but as it was, his assumption of superiority was deemed offensive.

"I don't see how it can be my fault," said Dord. Then, in a burst of candor, "Fact is, Tracy, I have n't thought I was quite 'ristocratic enough for you."

At the same time he turned very red, and looked as if he feared he had wounded Tracy's sensibilities. Tracy colored, too, but maintained his smiling countenance. All this time they stood within the vine-covered trellis, with the afternoon sunshine flickering upon them through the leaves.

"I'm glad you spoke so frankly, George," Tracy replied, without betraying the least resentment. "For now perhaps we can come to a better understanding. I *am* aristocratic, in one sense. But you know it is n't because I have money, or dress particularly well, or—"

"I know that," Dord hastened to admit, with an air of apology. "Money and good clothes have n't much to do with it."

"What has, then? Come, Dord!" said Tracy. "Speak right out! I'll promise you that I sha'n't be offended."

Leaning an elbow in a diamond of the trellis,



and resting
on one foot, with
the other thrown up care-
lessly on the toe behind it, he
regarded Dord ingratiatingly.

Dord stood before him, with his
hands in his pockets, his eyes cast down, and
his russet cheeks drawn with a grin of comical
embarrassment.

"You don't dare tell me!" Tracy urged coax-
ingly. "Come, Dord, why not tell me frankly?"

"‘COME, DORD!’ SAID TRACY. ‘SPEAK
RIGHT OUT!’"

After a pause Dord lifted his eyes and, looking straight into Tracy's with a frank expression, replied:

"You're a better fellow than the rest of us; that's just where it is, Tracy. You're a better fellow than the rest of us."

Tracy was touched; a happy expression glinted in his brave blue eyes as he answered:

"Oh, now, see here, Dord, what do you mean by that? I'm no such good fellow as you

genuine, downright, disinterested kindness. Do you believe it?"

It was Dord's turn to feel happy and grateful now. He winked quickly as he leaned back against the trellis, with his head turned half away, and said in a low voice:

"I do mean right! But I don't know how it is—you're brighter 'n the rest of us; that's the difference."

"Heigho!" said Tracy, with something be-



"'GOOD MORNING, MR. PUDGWICK,' SAID FRED." (SEE PAGE 365.)

think. I've got a high temper, I can be as selfish and jealous as anybody, and I'm constantly saying and doing things I'm ashamed of, or sorry for, afterward."

"If you were pretty mean you would n't be ashamed of 'em," Dord suggested, with a shy look out of the corner of his eyes.

"Something in that!" said Tracy, with a gay little laugh. "But what I'm coming to is this. It's the good heart that makes one fellow really better than another; and there is n't a better-hearted boy in town than you, Dord Oliver! There is n't one I'd sooner go to for a

tween a laugh and a sigh, as he took a step toward him, across the overarched space. "'Brighter'? You know yourself, Dord Oliver, that in school you were as bright at your lessons as I was,—when you tried. If you had kept on and entered the high school, instead of dropping out as you did, you might be as far along as I am. So might several of the boys, who got tired of study, and imagined they had education enough. Is n't that so?"

"Maybe 't is," Dord assented, with a sorry nod.

"No!" cried Tracy. "It is n't that, either,

that makes me aristocratic—if I *am* aristocratic—and I hope I am, in the right way. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"I'd like to know," Dord replied earnestly, as Tracy paused.

"It is because I try to make the best of myself. That's why I keep away from boys that hold themselves too cheap. I can't afford to idle away my time as they do, caring only for the fun of the moment. Something won't let me. I *must* improve my mind—get knowledge—prepare myself for whatever may be before me in life. When I read about great and noble men, I can't help comparing myself with them, and trying to be like them. Our youth is too precious to be trifled away. I believe in enjoying it as we go along, but in a different way from those that find it so dull without coarse excitements. If that is what makes me aristocratic," Tracy went on, "why, then I'm glad I am aristocratic."

Dord stared at him with astonishment akin to awe.

"I don't wonder you keep away from us," he replied.

"Don't you ever have such feelings?" Tracy inquired.

"Yes—I suppose every fellow has—odd spells. I only wish I could live up to 'em, as you do!" Dord declared, sincerely. "But it's so much easier to go off and have a good time!"

"Yes," said Tracy; "and the right kind of a good time is something I believe in, too. I enjoy it as much as anybody. But you fellows want to make life *all* a good time. You've got to go to work before long, and you ought to be interested in that work. Then suppose you give a part of your leisure to serious reading and thinking—say, an hour or two a day; have you any idea what a difference it would make in the course of a year? three years? ten years? I think, Dord, if you should try that, you would begin to feel 'aristocratic' yourself; you would be a little more choice of your spare time and of the company you keep."

"That's so!" said the conscience-smitten Dord. "I guess that's so."

Then there was a long pause, Tracy wondering how he should approach the subject that

was uppermost in his mind when he had come to meet Dord.

CHAPTER XX.

FOLLOWING UP THE "CLUE."

"You were coming here to find Gid Ketterell," Tracy at last said.

"Yes; I thought it was about time for him to be going along home, and I'd go with him," Dord replied.

"You've been here for him before?"

"No, never once."

"Do you know of anybody who has?" Tracy inquired.

"I don't know as I ought to tell," said Dord; for he, like almost all the village boys, and some of their parents and teachers too, I regret to say, was in the habit of saying "don't know *as*" for "don't know *that*," and using other incorrect expressions of which fastidious mothers like Mrs. Lisle disapproved.

"If there's any good honest reason why you should n't tell, don't," said Tracy, studying him with kind, searching eyes. "But I have a very good and a very honest reason for asking the question." He concluded he had better come frankly to the point. "You can help me about a very important matter, Dord, if you will."

"I should like to do that," said Dord.

"Then tell me who has been here to see Gid."

"Osk Ordway has; I don't know of any others."

"When was that?" Tracy asked, with quickening heart-beats.

"I don't know; just two or three days ago."

"What did he want?"

"Nothing particular, I guess," Dord answered, evasively.

Tracy thought it time for him to take a bold stand.

"He wanted something, and he got something; and you know it, Dord. And you wanted something to-day. Was it cider?"

Dord gave a sheepish sort of laugh.

"I guess there wa'n't" (*wa'n't* for *was n't* was another of his incorrect words) "much of any cider left."

"I should n't suppose there would be, after

Osk Ordway had had a taste of it," Tracy observed.

"That 's so!" said Dord. "I wa'n't after cider."

"What then? You ought to tell me," Tracy insisted.

"Osk told me Gid would show me something, and I thought it might be Fred Melverton's prize cup," Dord replied. "But I could n't make him say so."

"Dord!" Tracy exclaimed, "this is very important—what you are saying to me. Now I am going to tell you something—a most astonishing thing that has happened—in strictest confidence. You won't speak of it till I give you leave."

Dord gave the required promise, and listened wonderingly.

"That prize cup has been stolen!"

"It hain't!" said Dord, not by way of contradiction, but as an expression of his intense amazement. "Hain't" was another of his words.

"You 're a lucky fellow, Dord," said Tracy.

"I don't see how—" began Dord.

"Why, that you did n't come here and get Gid to show *you* the cup before it was stolen. Don't you see? *You* might have become an object of suspicion."

Dord's face grew flushed and damp.

"And let me advise you," Tracy continued, "if you have any sort of connection or understanding with Osk, to wash your hands of it at once. Just what did he tell you?"

"About the cup? He did n't call it by name," Dord replied. "He only said Gid had shown him something in the Melverton house, and that I could make him show it to me. That was all. I thought it must be that; for, before that, we had talked about Fred's winning the prize."

"It *was* that!" Tracy assured him. "Osk is mixed up in the business—the robbery, to speak it plainly—and he meant to mix you up."

"I can't believe it! I thought Osk—" Dord faltered incredulously.

"You thought better of Osk than that. I can't say whether I did or not. His visit to the house that day was as secret as possible; I happen to know about that," Tracy declared,

triumphantly. "That Gid let him in I am as sure as I am that Gid denied it afterwards. Very soon after that—perhaps that very day—the cup disappeared. Gid vows he knows nothing about it. He also says he knows nothing about the cider that was taken."

"Did he say that?" cried Dord. He seemed about to add more, but stopped, fearing perhaps he had already said things that might complicate matters for Gid.

"Don't mince it!" said Tracy. "Did n't Osk brag to you that he drank cider in the house? You said as much before."

"Yes, he did," Dord was forced to admit.

"Then what can we think of Gid's denials?" Tracy demanded.

"I don't know what to think," Dord replied. "But here 's one thing. If Osk took the cup, or knew it had been taken, why should he put me up to come and ask to see it?"

"To mix you up in it, as I told you. Or for any other reason. It does n't deceive me. And you, Dord—candidly, now!—don't you see I 've good reason for believing Osk took the cup?"

"Yes," Dord avowed. "And you 'd have a still better reason if you knew something I know."

"What 's that?" Tracy asked, so very eagerly that Dord became alarmed.

"I guess I 'd better not tell; it 's something I had n't ought to have mentioned."

"How! something you ought n't to have mentioned?" Tracy questioned, unconsciously correcting Dord's language in repeating it. "I 'll tell you this, Dord Oliver: it 's always better, in a matter of this sort, to meet it squarely and make a clean record for yourself. You don't help a wrong-doer by keeping back anything that must come out; and you may be injuring yourself, you know."

"T ain't anything that 'll hurt me if I tell it," said Dord; "and I don't suppose it will hurt Osk—not if he 's all right."

"Of course not! that 's the point," said Tracy. "But if he ought to be exposed, he will be; and you don't want to pass for one who has knowingly covered up his misdeeds. Now, Dord!"

Dord had backed up against the trellis, as

Tracy followed and urged him; he could now retreat no farther, nor escape in any direction, Tracy holding him fast, with both hands on his shoulders, and confronting him with a determined smile.

"I 'd jest as lieves tell; I don't know why I should n't," said Dord. "Two or three nights ago—Tuesday night, I 'm pretty sure—I was on the street with the Sweeney boys, when we saw Osk come out of Elkins's orchard; he got over the wall and started to cross over to the street his gran'sir lives on."

"I know; Mr. Pudgwick—Maple street," said Tracy.

"He was carrying something under his coat, which we might not have noticed," Dord continued, "if it had n't bothered him in getting over the wall. Just as he was getting down to the sidewalk, he seemed to see us coming around the corner by the harness-shop. He hesitated a little, then jumped down and started to cross over, as I said; appearing not to notice us though it was bright moonlight."

"What time of night was this?" Tracy inquired.

He had taken his hands from Dord's shoulders, but still stood facing him, listening with intense interest to every word of his story.

"A little after nine; between nine and half-past," replied Dord. "We ran after Osk, and overtook him, and the first thing Dick Sweeney said was:

"Hullo, Osk! What ye got there?"

"There? Where?" says Osk.

"Under your coat-flap," says Dick.

"Oh! that?" says Osk. "That 's a bull-head I ketched up here in the river."

"Funny place to carry it, under your coat, wrapped up in your handkerchief," Dick says; for we ketched a glimpse of something white. It was only Dick's guess that it was a handkerchief."

"What did he say to that?" Tracy questioned, with excited eagerness.

"Something about a fellow having a right to carry fish in his own fashion. Then he got away from us as soon as he could; and the last we saw of him," said Dord, "he turned into his gran'sir Pudgwick's gate, and went around to the shed door."

"And what did you boys think?" Tracy asked.

"We did n't swallow the fish," Dord replied, with a grin. "He never 'd have made such a mystery of a horned-pout ketched in the river. But I had no idea, till now, what it might really be."

Tracy hurriedly put the question:

"What 's your idea now?"

"Seems as if it must have been—well, I 'd rather not say."

"There 's no need of expressing an opinion," cried Tracy, gratified beyond measure. "Do you believe it was a handkerchief you saw, or—the thing itself?"

"Should n't wonder if it was the thing itself," Dord replied. "T was just a glimpse we got of something light-colored under his dark coat-flap."

"Will the Sweeney boys remember about it?"

"I should say so! We talked it over enough on our way home, after Osk left us."

Then Dord told of the meeting between Gid and Osk under the willows.

"It was n't what Osk had been saying to you, and Gid may have overheard, that made the trouble," Tracy declared; "at least, not that alone. I 'll wager the stolen cup was at the bottom of it."

"T was something pretty serious, anyway," said Dord; "for Gid appeared awful cut up; I never saw him look so black."

"Dord," exclaimed Tracy, "you 've no idea how important all this is. Say nothing of it to anybody, till I report the whole thing to Fred Melverton."

"I hope I sha'n't get dragged into any scrape," said Dord.

"You won't, if what you tell me is true, I promise you."

"But I don't want to get Osk's ill-will," said Dord uneasily.

"I know that won't be pleasant," said Tracy; "but I 've no doubt it will be much better for you than his good-will. Osk Ordway's bad influence over boys in this village has got to be put down; and I think this thing is going to do it. Now, take my advice, Dord," Tracy continued earnestly; "keep away from him and his gang. As for Gid Ketterell, you need n't

come here for him any more; he has been turned off on account of the robbery."

Dord was greatly surprised. "His mother did n't know. I stopped at his house," he said, "on my way over, thinking he might have gone home early. She said he had been home to dinner, and gone back again—that I would find him here."

"Gid seems to be weaving rather a tangled web," Tracy suggested,—“he and Osk Ordway. Now, thanks to you, Dord, I think I've a chance to unravel it."

CHAPTER XXI.

TRACY'S TELEGRAM.

"I believe I have tracked the fox to his den."

This was the ten-word despatch which Tracy wired to Fred Melverton that evening; and it brought Fred up from the seaside again early the next forenoon.

Fred was accompanied by his friend Canton Quimby, as before; they came sailing into the Melverton place so swiftly and silently, on their pneumatic tires, that Tracy, who was kneeling in the flower-beds, was hardly aware of their approach until they sprang off upon the walk close behind him.

He rose and turned quickly, and saw them standing there, radiant with health and gay spirits, each beside his wheel.

"Well, Trace, we 're here," said Melverton, laughing.

"I see you are!" Tracy replied, recovering from his surprise. "You 're not exactly a pair of seraphs, but if you had dropped down out of the sky you could n't have come upon me more suddenly."

He stood blushing before them, handsome but embarrassed, conscious of fingers soiled from the pulling of weeds about the roots of the plants, and awkwardly unrepresentable for hand-shaking.

"I never meant you should do this sort of work, Trace!" Fred exclaimed, leaning his wheel against the piazza steps.

"It's the one thing Gid Ketterell did n't do, and the one thing that needs to be done," Tracy made answer. "Did you get my telegram?"

"Did I get it?" echoed Fred. "It gave me such a start, I nearly upset the tea-table."

And his friend Canton Quimby added, "It was all I could do to keep him from hopping on his bike and scooting up here last evening; it was only by promising I would come with him this morning. We 're fox-hunting!"

"That is, if I understand just what you meant by the fox," said Melverton. "If you have tracked *that*—"

"That 's just what I have done," said Tracy, confidently.

He went on to relate, rapidly but circumstantially, the discoveries he had made, through Mr. Walworth and George Oliver; Fred listening with delighted approval, both of Tracy's tact in the affair and of his shrewd conclusions. At the close, Canton Quimby, who was always finding spheres of usefulness for his friends, remarked pointedly:

"Don't consider me impertinent, young man, but allow me to inform you that you have a career before you. You are a born detective. I advise you to take it up as a biz."

"Thank you!" Tracy replied with a laugh, not in the least displeased. "A little amateur work is'all I should ever care to do in that line, and that only to oblige a friend. I fairly stumbled upon this, without much credit to myself."

"You've worked it up with admirable address and discretion," Fred declared.

"But the fox is n't caught yet," Tracy suggested, aglow with modest pleasure.

"No, but we'll have him out of his den, I warrant!" said Fred, with enthusiasm. "I know this fellow's folks, Osk Ordway's grandparents,"—turning to Canton Quimby. "Honest old people as ever lived. Their daughter made a runaway match—eloped with a music-teacher, whom they and everybody except her knew to be an unprincipled adventurer. After two or three years she came home with broken health and bringing this boy. She died, and left him to the care of her parents. They have had no end of trouble trying to bring him up in the way he should go."

"And the boy's father?" Quimby inquired.

"The last I heard of him he was in trouble for drawing money on a forged check somewhere in Colorado. He has never done anything for

his son's support. The boy just preys upon his grandparents, who can neither govern him nor turn him out of doors. The old man has got him out of several bad scrapes; he vows each time he will never help him out of another. I think we'd better lose no time in following up this trail."

"That 's my opin'," Quimby replied. "Take it while it 's fresh."

"Do you want me to go with you to find Dord Oliver, and get him to tell his story to you?" Tracy asked.

"No," said Fred; "I 've no doubt you have reported it correctly. We can call him as a witness later. And we 'll leave Gideon for the present. Osk Ordway is our game."

Then, leaving Tracy to await developments, the young men leaped upon their wheels, and sped away down the road in the direction of the village.

As they approached Maple Street, Fred pointed out to his companion the small brown house where Osk lived with his grandparents, and said to him:

"Now we separate. I 'll run down to the house, and get a chance, if I can, to interview the old grandfather alone; I believe I see him in his garden. In the meantime, you ride on to the police headquarters, and lay the whole thing before the chief — the officer I introduced you to the other day."

"Yesterday," Canton Quimby suggested.

"Was it no longer ago than that? How an exciting event crowds the sense of time!" Fred exclaimed, and then he added, "I 'd better not be seen visiting the police with you; the fox might take alarm."

"I understand. I am to consult the chief, and to have him and his machinery ready for emergencies," said Quimby in a business-like way. "Then what?"

"Then ride back, and pass leisurely to and fro before the house, once or twice, or until I give you a signal. Say twenty minutes or half an hour from now. I 'll be in sight somewhere."

So saying, Fred Melverton turned down a street that ran parallel to Maple street, and, making a swift detour, again approached the house of the grandparents from the other side.

XXII.

GRAN'SIR PUDGWICK.

OSK ORDWAY'S grandfather (or "gran'sir," as Osk and others called him) was a house- and sign-painter, who had so far retired from business that he employed his activities — which in his advanced age and portly condition were not great — chiefly in the care of his cow and his garden, his poultry and his pigs. He had a ponderous person, a big bald head, a smooth-shaven face, and a three-story chin.

He was at work that morning hoeing his sweet corn in a little patch beside the house, when young Mr. Melverton alighted from his bicycle at the gate, and walked toward him.

"Good morning, Mr. Pudgwick!" said Fred, tracking the freshly stirred earth between the rows. "Your corn looks well."

"Passable, passable," said the old man, holding his hoe-handle with one hand, while with the other he lifted his tattered straw hat — not to salute his visitor, but to admit the cooling breath of heaven to the dewy expanse of white scalp which he uncovered. At the same time the triple chin became quadruple as he settled it on his immense chest. "Well enough," he added, "considering who the gardener is."

The big man, by the way, had so small a voice, that it seemed as if there must have been a little man somewhere inside him who did the talking.

"You take care of it yourself, I see; and it speaks well for the gardener," remarked Fred, his fine face and athletic figure, as he stood there, tall, handsome, erect, in his trim bicycle suit, presenting a curious contrast to unwieldy old gran'sir Pudgwick, in his baggy pantaloons and coarse shirt open at the throat.

The piping voice in the huge bulk made answer:

"I do about all the taking care of it that it gets. And I am seventy-six and scant of breath, and it jest about kills me to stoop, and quite kills me to get up again once I am down."

There was a humorous twinkle in the small eyes that looked out from the coarse features, as he added:

"I don't have to lift quite all creation when

I rise up, but it's a pretty good lump of it. It's some years since I got too heavy to resk myself with a paint-pot on a ladder."

"What does that strapping grandson of yours do?" Fred inquired. "I should think he would help you in the garden."

"That's what anyone would think; anyone that did n't know him," replied Gran'sir Pudgwick.

"Is n't he any more industrious than he used to be?" Fred continued.

"Any more *what*?" cried Gran'sir Pudgwick, with grimly humorous surprise. "I never heard *that* term applied to him in any degree. The only way for me to get work out of him is to hire him at exorbitant wages; then he quits soon as ever he gets a little money to spend."

Fred had got the conversation started in the right direction, and he pursued it.

"He is entirely dependent on you, is n't he?"

"That's the general impression," said Gran'sir Pudgwick. "I feed him, lodge him, clothe him; and I've sent him to school as long as he could be got to go. But it seems to be his opinion that *I*'m dependent on *him*. He's master of the house; I'm only his steward, and I'm wrongfully keeping back money that should be turned over to him."

"That's a strange condition of things," Fred answered. "You have everything in your own hands; why don't you bring him to terms by putting him on a short allowance? Show him that you are master of the situation."

"I've threatened it, and I've tried it. But he's got one thing you don't take into account."

"What's that?" Fred queried.

"A gram'er!" said the old man, bringing his hoe down beside a hill of corn with a smart slap.

Fred was puzzled to imagine what advantage any sort of a grammar could be to a boy so little studious—unless it were to throw it; and the whimsical idea occurred to him that Gran'sir Pudgwick would be a mark not easy to miss. But, quickly divining the old man's meaning, he said seriously:

"His grandmother? She takes his part?"

"She does, and she does n't," Gran'sir Pudg-

wick replied. "She knows him, and she'll say as bitter things about him as I do. He shows her no more respect than he shows that cow hitched by the chain. His gram'er's hitched by a chain and a stake driv into the ground. That chain and stake is her memory and her affection for the boy's mother—our beloved, misguided, only daughter. When it comes to the case in hand, and I'm determined either to discipline him, or to turn him outdoors, she relents; she can't break the chain nor pull up the stake. She says, 'Think of Angie! for her sake!' and she forgives everything, though his cruel ingratitude is breaking her heart."

The old gran'sir spoke with an emotion that heaved his profound chest. Fred was moved with compassion; but he thought it time to introduce the errand that had brought him.

"Where is he to-day?" he asked. "I've a little business with that grandson of yours"—all the time keeping a lookout over the garden fence, for Canton Quimby on his wheel.

"Nobody knows where he is; nobody ever knows," said Gran'sir Pudgwick, fitfully hoeing at a hill of corn, then stopping to talk again. "What scrape is he in now?" he added sharply.

Although he seemed often to find relief to his wounded affections in complaining of his grandson, he was seldom willing to hear others accuse him. This morning, however, he was in an unusually resentful mood; and when Fred replied that a valuable object had been taken from the Melverton premises, in the absence of the family, and that he had reason to believe Oscar knew what had become of it, Gran'sir Pudgwick set up his hoe between the rows of corn, and exclaimed:

"Jest like him! jest like him! We'll ferret it out! We'll ferret it out! Was it anything he could carry in a six-quart pail?"

"Oh, yes; very conveniently," Fred answered.

"When was it taken?"

"Three or four days ago; probably last Tuesday night."

"Come with me!" said Gran'sir Pudgwick, starting to leave the corn-patch. "We can't talk here."

He tramped heavily between the rows, with Fred at his side; but stopped suddenly, facing the young man, as he said:

"I 'm afraid he has got it, whatever it was. Wait till I tell you. Two or three mornings ago,—it might have been Wednesday morning,—I noticed a singular thing. He went out afore breakfast, which he does n't often do. Breakfast is a favorite institution of his, and his was waiting that morning. His gram'er will keep his breakfast on the stove till he comes for it, if it ain't till noon. Then it must be ready, and he must have it hot, or there 's a circus!"

Again the old gran'sir started to leave the field, Fred accompanying him.

"But — on that morning, Mr. Pudgwick?"

"I 'll tell ye." They stopped on a strip of sward beside the house. "It was such an unusual thing — his going out before he set down to his breakfast, which his gram'er was hurrying to put on the table — that I kept watch of his movements. He went first to the woodshed, then up the stairs — them outside stairs — to the shop — the old paint-shop here, over the barn."

"I know the old shop," said Fred, casting a glance up at it.

"I do precious little work in it, late years," Gran'sir Pudgwick went on; "but once in a while a small job comes in, and I still use it as a shop, though sometimes I don't get up them stairs once a week. He uses it more than I do — for traps, fishing-gear, and such like."

"Well, about that morning?" Fred urged.

"If he has taken anything from your place he had no business with, I ain't going to shield him," Gran'sir Pudgwick went on, as they walked toward the outside stairs. "He was absent some little time in the shop, then he comes back to the woodshed, and gets a six-quart tin-pail, which he carries up to the shop, with the cover on. All the time I was pretending to read my newspaper by the kitchen window. He was gone about as long as before; then bimeby he comes out of the shop, and down the stairs, without the tin-pail, and comes into the house, to be scolded by his gram'er, and to scold back, 'cause his breakfast was n't served hot, as if he lived in a hotel."

"Can I see that pail?" Fred Melverton asked.

"I guess we can find it," the old man made answer, as he began his slow and laborious ascent of the stairs, with his hand on the rail.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE OLD PAINT SHOP.

JUST then Canton Quimby glided by on his wheel, and received a signal from Fred, who was patiently following the ponderous Pudgwick up the steep flight. The old man carried a key he had taken from some projection under the stairway; with this he unlocked the shop-door, and entering, sank down, gasping for breath, upon the nearest stool.

The place had a littered and desolate look with its empty paint-buckets, paint-kegs and oil-cans cluttering one end of the room; old sign-boards stood in a corner; there were paint-smeared trestles and planks, and rubbish of various sorts on the paint-spattered floor.

On one of the trestle-supported planks was a tin pail, which Gran'sir Pudgwick pointed out as the one in question.

"I hain't never looked into it," he said: "but you can. I 'm afraid, though, since it is left out in plain sight so, you won't find what you 're looking for, inside on 't."

Nevertheless, Fred hastened to lift the cover, and found the pail empty.

"I expected it," he said. "You say Oscar came up into the shop twice that morning; the first time without bringing the pail. No doubt that was a visit of exploration; he was looking for a safe hiding-place for his booty. That is still, probably, somewhere in this room, unless he has since taken it away."

"I don't think he has," Gran'sir Pudgwick replied. "For I 've reason to think it is still here."

Fred was eager to learn that reason.

"He has brought fellows in to see it," said the old man.

"That 's interesting!" Melverton exclaimed.

"What fellows?"

"That young Allston; he was the first. He was here two evenings ago."

"Winthrop Allston! I thought he had a place in the city."

"Yes, he has, in a jeweler's store," said the old man. "Comes out here, though, pretty often, in summer. I believe my gran'son sent for him. You see, I 'm telling you everything I

know; for if there 's anything crooked, I 'm bound to help you straighten it."

"I 'm greatly obliged to you!" Fred exclaimed. "What you say astonishes me! In a jeweler's store? And Oscar sent for him?"

"I saw a letter addressed to him, on my gran'son's table, the morning before Allston came," said Gran'sir Pudgwick.

Fred Melverton, keeping a lookout for Canton Quimby, had gone over and stationed himself by a window. He now asked permission to open it.

"The air is close here," he said.

"Certain, certain; do anything you like."

Fred opened the window, and stood by it until he had an opportunity to make another signal to Canton Quimby, repassing on his bicycle. Meanwhile he remarked:

"I always thought Wint Allston was a pretty decent sort of fellow."

"Why not?" retorted the old man. "My gran'son goes with decent fellows, when he 's a-mind to. I buy good clothes for him; and, see him dressed up, you 'd say he might be a ornament to society, if he chose. Polite? he can be as polite as a basket of chips to anybody but his gram'er and me. From something I overheard, as they went out of the yard together, he seemed to be making some sort of a bargain with Winthrop."

"I see!" Fred replied, mentally making swift combinations of all the accumulating circumstances in the case. "You 're sure Winthrop did n't carry the thing away?"

"Yes; without 't was something he could carry in his pockets. Besides," said Gran'sir Pudgwick, "Oscar has had fellows here since: to show it to 'em, I judged. At all events, he had some mysterious business with 'em, up here in the shop—Tom Hatch yesterday forenoon; and that Ketterell whelp in the evening. Never more than one at a time."

"Gideon Ketterell?" Fred exclaimed. "He is in it, then, after all!"

"I judge so," said the old man. "As my gran'son went away with him, I heard him say, 'You can't complain but what that 's fair, if I give you half.' Seemed as if there 'd been some sort of trouble between 'em, and Oscar was coaxing him around. He 's a

master-hand to coax, as he is to bully; good at one as t'other."

Fred Melverton stepped forward in front of the fat old gran'sir on the stool, nursing his series of chins, and said earnestly:

"With your consent, Mr. Pudgwick, I wish to make a thorough search of these premises."

"Certain," said the old man. "As I said before, do anything you like. I never shielded my gran'son in wrong-doing, and never will."

"We all know you to be a thoroughly upright man," said Melverton. "I shall need some help; and to have everything regular, I have called in Mr. Hazel."

"Chief of Police?" the old man looked up, somewhat startled. "Is it so serious?"

"If we find nothing it won't be serious at all," Fred replied. "If we do find what I am in search of, it will be well to have an officer at hand. I have relied upon your good-will to enable us to dispense with a search-warrant."

"Certain, certain," said Gran'sir Pudgwick, firmly. "If you can unearth anything of yours on my premises, I am not the man to hender you. Good morning, Mr. Hazel!" as the Chief of Police, in citizen's dress, just then entered the shop, followed by Canton Quimby.

In a few words Fred Melverton explained the situation to the new comers. The first thing Chief Hazel did, was to go and look into the empty pail. Canton Quimby also looked into it, in his turn; going so far as to hold it upside down, and rap the bottom with his knuckles. As he did this with a droll smile, Fred, who thought he was burlesquing the officer, tried to look grave, but failed.

Then the three held a consultation, while they made a general survey of the room.

"You hain't told me yet what you 're hunting for," observed Gran'sir Pudgwick.

"If we don't find it there 's no need of mentioning it; if we do, you will see it with your own eyes," Fred replied.

"We 'll begin here in the corner, and go through everything," said Chief Hazel; "look into every bucket and tub as we turn 'em over, and set 'em out from the wall."

He did the most of the overturning; Fred and his friend watching to see that the search was thorough, and offering suggestions.

(To be continued.)



BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

WHEN the flames are running riot,
Pictures come before our eyes:
Never steady, never quiet,

Magic palaces arise;
Now a goblin, now a fairy,
Here an elf and there a gnome;
Then a dream-boat, white and airy,
Drifting on a sea of foam.

All the tales that one remembers—
Dragons, witches, captive dames—
Gleam together in the embers
And the flashing of the flames.

Bits of sunny summer playtime,
White enchantments of the snow,
Memories of night and daytime,
Lightly come and swiftly go.

Last a train of cars, full freighted
With departing fairy souls,
Cracks and roars as if belated,
Rushing o'er a bridge of coals.
Then the gold light turns to umber,
And with soft and stealthy tread
Comes the Sandman, bringing slumber.
Now it's time to go to bed!



INTO PORT.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.



U. S. Lighthouse-service Flag.

EVERYONE who lives near rivers or harbors sees perhaps daily the buoys dotting the surface of the water, the lighthouses and beacons along the shores, and the little pilot-boats which seem to sail aimlessly about, with big numbers on their sails; and while every one knows, in a vague way, that all these things are to guide ships into port, yet very few know just how they all help the navigator.

A big ship is steered across the vast ocean by using the compass, and measuring the heights of the sun, moon, or stars. The measurement of the heights of the heavenly bodies enables the navigator to calculate the ship's position on the ocean within three miles at any time; but in rivers and harbors he must know her position within almost as many yards, in order that she may not run aground. A harbor, be it ever so broad, is not like the boundless ocean with countless fathoms of water below its surface at all points. Although the water seems to extend with placid depth to the very harbor shores, there are many places where it is but a few feet deep. In fact, when harbors are surveyed, it is usually found that the deep water is only in a narrow channel running through the shoaler part, like a river under water. Sometimes there may be more than one such channel in a harbor. Usually they are crooked and meandering; but by digging them out with dredging-machines they are greatly straightened.

These unseen channels must be marked out on the surface of the water in some way, so that a ship can be kept in them; and this is done by buoys, anchored along their course, and painted a particular color for each side. A large buoy, too, is anchored in the middle of a channel where it joins the ocean, and a buoy surmounted by a "perch" and "day mark," where

there is a sudden turn in the channel. Then again, if there is an obstruction of any kind,—such as a wreck or rock or shoal spot, it too must be marked by a buoy or beacon, and these must be so painted as to show what they mean.

Beacons on shore also are erected, which, if the ship is kept in line with them, will guide her through the unseen channels. Yet, with all these safeguards, a ship's captain, coming from a foreign land, cannot be expected to understand just how to enter the harbor. The buoys and beacons may all be marked on his chart, but a wreck may have sunk in the channel, or a buoy may have been forced out of place by ice, or a colliding vessel, or a freshet, or some other change may have taken place too recent for him to know; so it is necessary for him to stop at the entrance to a harbor, and take on board a pilot who knows its condition intimately from almost daily travel through it.

Suppose, then, that we are on a big transatlantic steamer approaching the United States from Europe. For five or six days her captain has directed her course across the ocean, guided by his compass and the sun and stars, until the chart shows that land is near. The dark, unfathomable blue of midocean has given place to the slate-color which indicates shoaling water. Nova Scotia and Maine lie unseen to the northward. Small coasting and fishing vessels are frequently passed; and, as the sun goes down, a sail is made out ahead—a little schooner, with a big black number painted on her mainsail. That number marks her as a pilot-boat; and, even had it not been seen before dark, another sign tells her character after dark—a bright, white light which flares up at her mast-head at frequent intervals, and then pales down to a steady glow. These little boats leave a harbor with ten or a dozen pilots on board, and cruise outward along the track of vessels, plac-



FIRE ISLAND LIGHT.

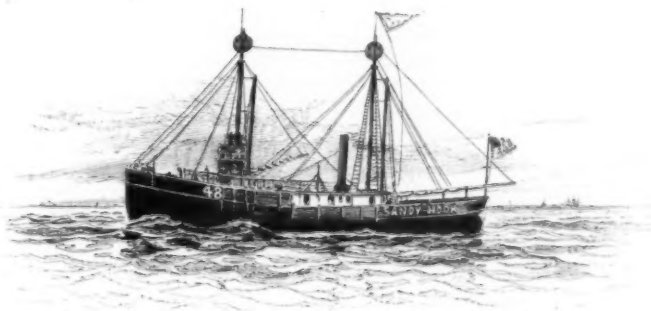
ing a pilot on each incoming ship they meet, until none is left, when they return for more. Each pilot thus placed on board ship takes her safely into port, and then goes out again on the first pilot-boat he can catch. Sometimes these little schooners cruise several hundred miles from a port before all their pilots are taken. Often they have to lie in wait through gales of wind and send their pilots aboard large steamers through perilous seas. Sometimes pilot-boats are sunk in a storm, or crushed during a fog by the very ship which would have hailed their presence with joy. When pilot-boats belonging to different ports cruise together in the same ocean roadstead, they fly signals showing to what port they belong, and also have the name of the port painted on their sails. Thus, in the English Channel will be found Amsterdam pilots, Antwerp pilots, Thames pilots, and many others, cruising together.

So it happens that, as I have told, the big liner has sighted a pilot-boat three hundred miles from New York. The great ship steams close up to the little schooner and stops, while a rowboat comes alongside and a pilot climbs aboard. He brings some New York papers a few days old, and perhaps tells of some startling event which has happened since the ship left Europe; then he betakes himself where he pleases,

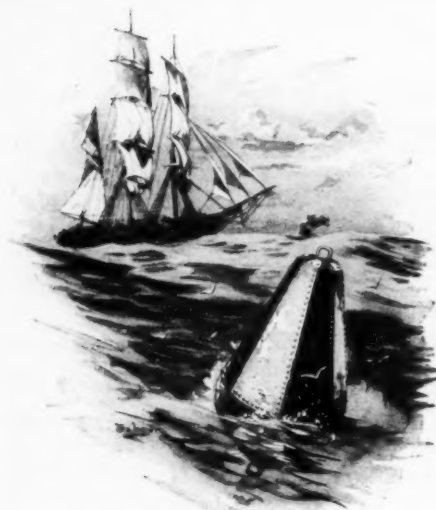
like any other passenger, for his duties do not commence until the entrance to New York Harbor is reached.

Having secured his pilot, it is the captain's next aim to make a "landfall." That is to say, he wishes to come in sight of some well-known object on shore which, being marked down on his chart, will show him just where he is and how he must steer to find the entrance to the harbor.

A special lighthouse is usually the object sought, and in approaching New York harbor it is customary for steamers from Europe to first find, or "sight," Fire Island Lighthouse. This is on a little sandy island near the coast of Long Island. Besides the lighthouse there is on this island a signal and telegraph station. When, therefore, the liner steams in sight of Fire Island Light she hoists two signals, one of which tells her name and the other the welfare of those on board. The operator then telegraphs to the ship's agents in New York that she has been



SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP.



"NUN" BUOY.

sighted and that all on board are well or are otherwise.

The ship's course is then laid to reach the most prominent object at the harbor entrance, in this case Sandy Hook Lightship. She is easily recognized: a big, cradle-shaped hulk painted red, with two stumpy masts having black, ball-shaped cages on top of them. If it were night she would be found by a light at her masthead flashing brightly white for twelve seconds and invisible for three.

The course from this lightship to the harbor entrance is laid down on the chart "west-north-west, one quarter west," and, steering this course, a group of three buoys is reached. One is a large "nun," or cone-shaped, buoy, painted black and white in vertical stripes; another has a triangular framework built on it, and in the top of this framework is a bell which tolls mournfully as the buoy is rocked by the waves; while the third is surmounted by a big whistle, similar to those on steamboats, which puffs out a hoarse blast each time the buoy sinks into a heavy swell. These mark the point where ocean ends and harbor begins, and can be found in fair weather or in fog by their color and shape, or noise. They are the mid-channel buoys at the entrance to Gedney Channel, the deep-water entrance to New York harbor.

Here it may be noted that mid-channel buoys in all harbors in the United States are painted black and white in vertical stripes, and, being in mid-channel, should be passed close-to by all deep-draught vessels. At this point the pilot takes charge of the ship, her captain becoming only an interested spectator so far as her navigation is concerned.

Ahead the water seems now to be dotted in the most indiscriminate manner with buoys and beacons, and on the shores around the harbor, far and near, there seem to be almost a dozen lighthouses. If, however, you watch the buoys as the pilot steers the ship between them, you will soon see that all those passed on the right-hand side are red, and all on the left are black. Thus the second lesson in harbor navigation will be learned, that in entering our harbors all buoys on the right-hand side of the channel are red, and those on the opposite side are black. We will also note here that where more



BELL BUOY.

than one channel runs through the same harbor, the different channels are marked by buoys of different shapes. Principal channels are marked by "nun" buoys, secondary channels by "can" buoys, and minor channels by "spar" buoys.

Gedney Channel is a short, dredged lane leading over the outer bar, or barrier of sand, which lies between harbor and ocean. Its buoys are lighted at night, the red ones with red lights, and the black ones with white lights. Moreover, a little lighthouse off to the left,

for two fixed white lights on the New Jersey shore and hillside, known as Point Comfort Beacon and Waackaack Beacon, for he knows that by keeping them in range, that is to say, in line with one another and himself, and by steering toward them, he is in the main ship-

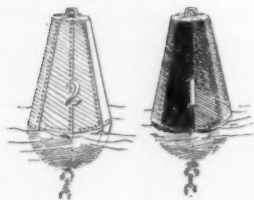


WHISTLING BUOY.

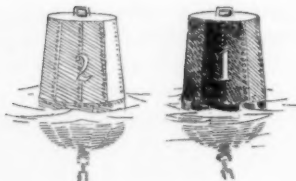
known as Sandy Hook Beacon, has in its lamp a red sector which throws a red beam just covering Gedney Channel. Thus this channel can be passed through in safety by night as well as by day. If it is night the pilot knows when he is through it by the change of color in Sandy Hook Beacon light from red to white. Then he looks away past that light to his left

channel. By day, the main ship-channel buoys would guide him, as in Gedney Channel, but at night these buoys are not lighted.

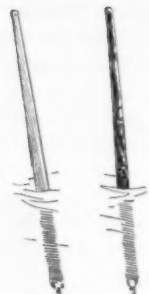
Only a short distance is now traversed when the ship comes to a point where two unseen channels meet. This is indicated by a buoy having a tall spindle, or "perch," surmounted by a latticed square. From here, if she con-



NUN BUOYS.



CAN BUOYS.



SPAR BUOYS.

tinues on her course, she will remain in the main ship-channel, which, although deeper, is a more circuitous route into port; so, if she does not draw too much water, she is turned somewhat to the right, and, leaving the buoy with the perch and square on her right, because it is red, she is steered between the buoys which mark Swash Channel. If it were night this channel would be revealed by two range-lights on the Staten Island shore and hillside, known as Elm Tree Beacon and New Dorp Beacon, both being steady-burning, white lights; but we are entering by daylight, and when half-way through Swash Channel we notice a buoy painted red and black in horizontal stripes. To this is given a wide berth by the pilot. It is an "obstruction" buoy marking a shoal spot or a wreck. Its colors are to indicate this, and also that it may be passed on either side. All such buoys are warnings to navigators to keep away from the spot which they mark.

All these guides to the safe navigation of the harbors and inland waters of the United States are kept in place and in order by the Lighthouse Board, a branch of the Treasury Department. The whole country is divided into districts, New York harbor being in the third

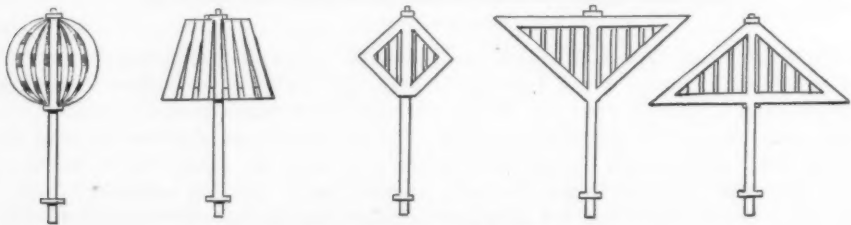
lighthouse district; the headquarters being at Tompkinsville, Staten Island. Small steamers called lighthouse tenders are attached to each station to go out and pick up buoys for repairs, put down new ones, or to take oil and supplies to the lighthouses and lightships. You can recognize a lighthouse tender by a small, white, triangular flag at her masthead,

bordered with red and having a lighthouse printed in the white field.



OBSTRUCTION BUOY.

The channel buoys are all numbered in sequence from the seaward end of each channel, the black buoys having odd numbers, and the red buoys even numbers. If there are several channels into the same harbor, the initial letter of each channel's name is usually also painted on its buoys. The larger buoys are anchored with "mushroom" anchors, and the smaller ones with sinkers of stone or iron, and they have sufficient length of chain to allow for rise and



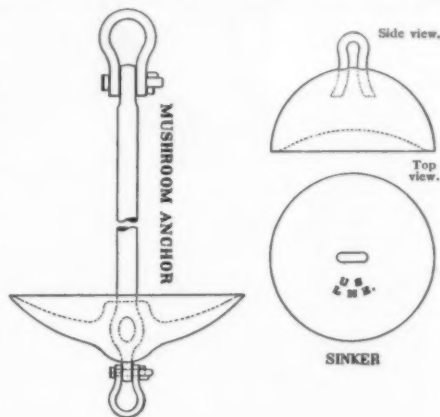
DAY MARKS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

fall of tide. In harbors where ice is likely to form, the broad nun or can buoys are in winter replaced by narrow ice-buoys, for these present less surface to the ice, allowing it to pass over them, and are thus less likely to be torn adrift. All buoys except small spar-buoys are made of plates of boiler-iron, bent to shape and riveted together, painted inside and out, and made watertight. They are also divided into watertight compartments, so that a single puncture by a colliding vessel will not sink them. Sometimes these buoys get adrift and are found far out at sea; but their absence is quickly discovered, and they are chased by a tender, and brought back, or new ones put in their places.

A buoy once got adrift in New York harbor, made the trip to Europe in six weeks, and was picked up off the coast of Ireland, where it is now moored in commemoration of its voyage.

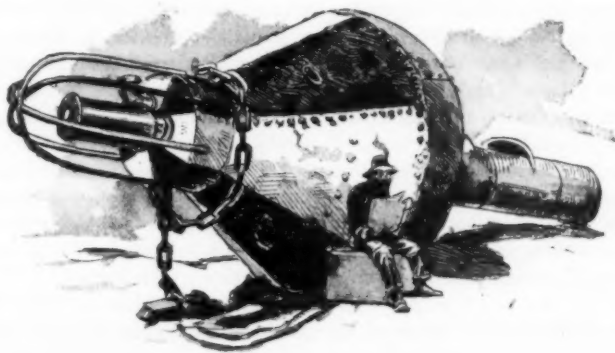
All changes in the position of buoys or lightships, or the placing of new buoys to mark a change of channel, or an obstruction, are published promptly in pamphlets called "Notices to Mariners," which are distributed as quickly as possible through well-organized means of communication. A few years ago one of the largest of our handsome new cruisers was approaching New York harbor from the West Indies in a light fog. Sandy Hook Lightship had been found, the usual course laid for Gedney Channel, and the ship was steaming onward at full speed, her captain, having been inspector of that very lighthouse district but a short time before, feeling that he knew his way into that port better than the most experienced pilot. Presently,

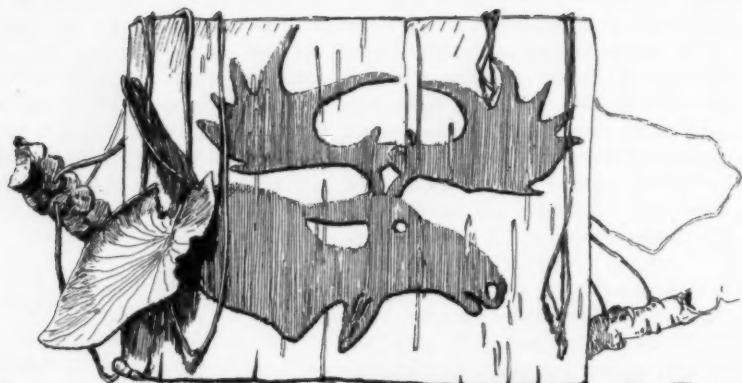
however, he was startled by the alarming cry of *breakers ahead!* A large hotel also loomed up, and, as the ship was backed full speed astern, all hands realized that they had barely escaped running high and dry on Rockaway Beach. When the vessel got into port it was learned that Sandy Hook Lightship had been moved considerably from its old position, and



that the notice to mariners concerning this change had been mailed to the captain of the cruiser, though it had failed to reach him before he sailed from the West Indies.

Such, then, is the way in which a great ocean steamship, after rushing fearlessly over the unfathomable depths of ocean, must be guided through narrow channels between shoals, rocks, and wrecks, her keel often within a few inches of the bottom, and brought safely into port.





Their First Moose Hunt

BY TAPPAN ADNEY.

“JOE! Joe! Can you call moose?”
“Sartin, I kin call moose,” was the confident reply.
Joe, with dark, ruddy complexion, crisp, black hair, and aquiline nose, was a typical Indian of the Eastern States. He was of medium size, past middle age, and dressed like a white man.
Good moose-hunters were not too plentiful, even upon the Tobique. So the services of Joe were immediately secured by “Jack” and his brother “Crop,” two young men who had come on a hunt from New York.

At least two guides were needed, each with a canoe, to transport them and their camping-outfit into the woods. A “hupter” having been found, in the person of Joe, the second guide need only be able to handle a birch-canoe and set up a tent.

At the Indian village was another man, remarkable in several ways. He was tall, and

stood as straight as a spruce. There was a hint of probably French ancestry in his complexion, which was lighter than Joe's, in his straggling beard, and in his hair just inclined to curl—which the full-blooded Indian's does not.

Although sixty years old, he was still in his prime, and counted the ablest man in the whole village. His name was Ambrose, and he was Joe's uncle. Ambrose was delighted to go along, and when he learned that Joe had been engaged to call the moose, he spoke well of his nephew's skill, while he apologetically said of himself that he was no hunter, but from having been often with hunting- and fishing-parties he would perhaps suit in other respects. He was so sincere and good-natured, with such a kindly air, that the boys' idea of an Indian had to be reconstructed. Both Joe and Ambrose, indeed, were men of fine personal qualities, and, being guides of experience as well, the boys felt sure they would be repaid for their long journey from home.

They were at last in New Brunswick, the land of moose and all other wild things.

This was their first hunt for bigger game

than rabbits and birds, but what they lacked in experience was made up by the helpful advice of friends at home, or else was destined to be supplied to them in the most effectual way of all. But the moose were yet far off.

The Tobique River, narrow, swift and sparkling, scantily fringed with newly cleared farms, penetrated a great wilderness of forests and lakes. Sixty miles up, where the river forks, was the last human habitation. It had been

little camp by a big salmon pool. But now the fishing-season was past, and the boys had but to await the arrival of the canoes. Everything was new and fresh and wild. Even the pork and potatoes tasted different in front of the big camp fire. Never had the whole earth seemed so pleasant.

The Indians arrived at evening on the third day. Next morning, when the loads were re-adjusted in the canoes, it was perceived that



CALLING MOOSE WITH THE "MOOSE HORN." (SEE PAGE 379.)

planned that Jack and Crop should go with the driver of the mail, or stage, to a small settlement near the Forks, and wait there for the guides, who would go by the river.

So the Indians, each with a fine birch canoe, went down to the hotel, and took aboard the supplies and camp stuff. Ambrose gave his word that in three days he would be at the Forks. Jack and Crop started off next morning with the mail driver, and arrived at the settlement of R. Riley Brook in one day.

Instead of lingering here, however, they pushed on next day to the Forks near by, where a warden was living, all by himself, in a snug

there was no room in two canoes for the two passengers. Only the guides understood the troubles ahead; so, rather than leave behind part of their stuff, Joe went down to the settlement to look for another canoe. There was only one available. Joe smiled when he saw it, and shook his head dubiously. It was made of a pine log, and was black, long, narrow, and heavy — what is called a pirogue in Canada. Its owner — who purposed to accompany it — was a strapping young white man, lean but strong. His old felt hat was threatening to part, the brim from the crown. His boots leaked at every joint, while his homespun

clothes were just as disreputable as man ever wore for the occasion. This person had a name, but apparently none of the party could remember it; so he was christened "Jimmie" instead, and as Jimmie he will be known in that region the rest of his life. Jimmie was clumsy, talkative, noisy, and good-natured. He had never before been with a party of tourists, so he felt that his mission was chiefly to entertain them—which he certainly did.

When the loads were made even, the prows were pointed up the right-hand branch into the teeth of the torrent. The boys marveled at the skill of the three canoe-men—for Jimmie was a master, too, of his own unwieldy craft. The chink of their steel-shod poles sounded with regular beats, as standing, each in the stern of his canoe, they slowly climbed upward. It was a mighty test of skill and endurance, and of course the boys could be of no assistance. Every tough place Jimmie plowed through with a shout and a flourish, but the Indians plodded on, like the creatures of the woods, in a silence broken only by a low word in their own musical language. But if they did not talk they were not less alive to all about them. The woods abounded with living things; yet at that season the signs of their presence were so slight that but for the Indians it would have held, for the boys, nothing but birds and chattering squirrels. The Indians read the many signs of otter, of bear, of beaver. Indeed in one place their progress would have been impeded but that a recent freshet had lifted the middle out of a brand-new beaver dam that stretched across the stream. Once, upon a gravelly bar, Ambrose pointed out a large cloven foot-print. It could not be a cow's—it was too long, even if a cow were likely to go there. But now, at each turn in the river, their lively imaginations pictured the great awkward-looking beast that had lately passed that way.

Ambrose seemed to know a great deal about moose, after all. He told the boys how, back from the narrow valley and the swift, winding stream, the country was all a wilderness; hillsides clad with birches, maples, and evergreens, and resting at their feet little lakes, so numerous that no man knew how many there were.

Often, where these lakes were shallow, the yellow pond-lily with its oval leaves crowded the surface. At other seasons the tender bark of mountain-ashes and moose-woods are the favorite food of the moose; but now there is nothing he likes so well as the long tubular roots of the lily. In the very early mornings and in the evenings, about the time of the harvest moon—the full moon nearest September 21—a hollow sound, not unlike the sound of distant chopping, may be heard. It is the sound of moose calling to their mates, or the angry challenge of fierce rivals. It is this sound which the hunter imitates to attract the moose. But there are only a few places where the moose will answer—shallow spots in certain well-known lakes, and it is said to be nearly useless to call anywhere else.

Toward such a place, known to Joe and Ambrose, the party were making. Unable to go but a few miles each day, up that fierce little river, the journey seemed never to end; but on the fifth day their eyes were gladdened by sight of level, open water—the river's source.

It lacked a day of the open season when hunting may legally begin; but the season when moose commonly answer had nearly passed. So it was agreed that if Crop would stay behind, and take the chances both of getting a moose there, and of surviving the diet that Jimmie as cook promised to give him, Jack, with the two Indians and the lightest canoe, would keep on, without more than the night's delay, to a more distant hunting-ground.

There was a snug log-camp close at hand, for Crop and Jimmie, with an old stove; and it offered superb accommodations, for the woods.

At sunrise next day Jack set out. It was easy paddling now, through a chain of beautiful lakes. At the end of the last was a carry. There Joe gathered the dunnage into a huge pack, and threw it upon his back. Ambrose took the canoe upon his shoulders, and followed Joe; while Jack, with his heavy Winchester rifle, trudged along after, keeping a sharp lookout, as ever. The rough path led to another lake; then, after a paddle across, and another short carry, to still another lake. The Indians knew a camping-place near by, and arrived there just as the sun set.

Joe was plainly anxious. He had frequently been saying, "Not much chance git moose — too late." Ambrose merely said: "Yes, purty late."

The Indians drove some sharp poles slantingly into the ground, and covered them with sheets of birch bark, which made a fair sort of camp, and built a fire in front. After supper Ambrose was standing with his back to the fire, evidently thinking. Without turning, he said:

"Joe, you goin' to call moose to-night?"

"I don't think it much use — too late," replied Joe.

Now a close observer might have seen a twinkle in Ambrose's eye; but, as the conversation was carried on in the Milicete language, Jack did not get the drift of their talk.

"But did n't you tell that man you kin call moose? Why you tell um that?" said Ambrose.

Joe, without a word in reply, abruptly seized the ax, and vigorously began to chop wood.

"S'pose mebbe I have to try," added Ambrose; but Joe said never a word.

It was merely an Indian joke, and Ambrose after that did not cease to smile at his ambitious nephew. Ambrose indeed was an old, practised hunter, and Joe was no doubt sorry he had boasted so before he suspected that old Ambrose would go along. A moose may respond to almost any sort of a noise, at times, but only a master of his art can successfully talk with a moose that is suspicious, as are moose that have been hunted much.

Ambrose, therefore, proceeded to make the instrument used for calling. It was a sheet of smooth birch-bark, made pliant by warming, and rolled into the shape of a cornucopia, sixteen inches long, an inch across at the smaller end, and eight inches across the flare. A tough strip of cedar bark held it in shape.

"Must be very still, callin' moose. Goin' to be very cold, too, on the lake," was the guides' warning.

In the bottom of the canoe evergreen boughs were thickly laid. Jack, wearing a heavy overcoat, sat in the middle, and drew his blanket around him. He wore a wool cap to pull down over his ears, and mittens too. Joe, with blanket around him also, took his place in the bow, while Ambrose, with the "moose horn," stepped

into the stern. A brisk paddle of fifteen minutes took them to the outlet of the lake. The black forest stood like a wall on each side. Near the middle they stopped, and, thrusting the paddles into the shallow bottom, anchored the canoe. The sun had set. Not a breath of air was stirring. Ambrose slowly rose to his feet, the horn in his left hand.

With deliberation he cleared his throat, gave a caress to his mustache, then threw back his head and put the horn to his mouth.

"Moh! — moh!" short, low grunts, accompanied with an upward tip of the horn.

"Mo-o-o-oh!" a wild, tremulous cry, louder than the rest, the horn describing in the air the shape of a figure 8.

The hand dropped. The Indian stood intent, with ears strained.

Intense silence. An owl's hollow hoot was plainly heard from far away.

The splash down the lake was a muskrat, probably. That was all.

Ambrose wrapped his blanket about his knees and sat down.

Half an hour passed. Ambrose again rose, and with the same studied care raised the horn to his lips.

Scarcely had the second call ceased to echo, when there was a crash on shore, as if the woods were coming down. Jack's heart, with a leap that nearly choked him, began to pound like a sledge-hammer, and he clutched the ready rifle.

Nothing could be seen. But the Indians heard sounds in the woods.

"He 's tryin' to git to windward," whispered Ambrose. Paddles were quickly lifted, and the canoe slowly stole adown the shore. Minutes of suspense elapsed. Ambrose raised the horn and gave a hardly audible grunt.

Instantly followed a smash of undergrowth and a splash of water, as something stepped into the lake. Boring into the blackness, in the direction of the sound, Jack thought he could see the reflection of starlight upon something light. It must be the moose's antlers.

He could hardly steady the rifle, his arms were so nerveless. As best he could, he drew a bead and pulled the trigger. The woods reverberated with the roar.

The animal merely took several steps along the edge of the lake. Ambrose, thinking he could see better, took the gun. Another deafening roar. Still the animal was there.

The rifle was handed to Joe, who was eager to try. Another bang, but the beast still stood there.

Jack took the gun again, steadier now. Instinctively directing the faintly glimmering barrel toward the antlers, he aimed, then dropped the muzzle a little, then turned it to one side, and fired.

Simultaneously with the explosion the beast gave a tremendous leap, which was followed by crashing of branches. Then all was still.

"That 's mighty big moose. I never see such big ho's before. Must been hit that last time sartin!" said Ambrose.

He was gone. It was dangerous to try to follow. The hunters reluctantly returned to camp, but by daybreak they were back.

Traces of an enormous moose were soon found. Only a little way from the lake he lay, upon the green moss where he fell. In the exultation of the moment perhaps Jack did not stop to think of the pity—for it was a pity.

The great antlers, spreading out like the up-turned roots of a tree, were the largest the Indians had ever seen. They were a scant sixty inches across, the outer tine being broken, too.

"He must done that fightin'. I guess he ain't 'fraid of nothin'," said Ambrose, as he touched the broken antler.

"I would n't like to meet him 'lone in woods," observed Joe.

He measured, indeed, six and a half feet high at the shoulders, and in weight fully equaled a heavy horse.

The moose was skinned, and the head and antlers taken directly to camp, where a savory stew was soon cooked up; but the meat was too tough to eat with enjoyment.



TAKING THE MOOSE BACK TO THE CAMP.



MAKING FOR THE LAKE.

Joe was despatched to the other camp.

When Crop heard the good news, he tossed his cap in air, while Jimmie performed a jig. The whole party then went over. Ambrose had already cut some of the moose meat into thin steaks, and hung it over the fire to dry. All the meat was thus taken care of, and given to the Indians. In the process it grew blacker, and, if possible, tougher. Ambrose smiled more than ever, while Joe once actually laughed out loud. Curious gray birds, called "moose birds," because of their frequent association with the moose, were attracted by the odor of the drying meat, and ate and stole all that they could.

Crop wanted to call a moose of his own, so preparations were made at once for getting the second moose, Jack going along with the other canoe, but Jimmie staying behind to tend the camp.

The canoes were stationed as before, as the sun was setting, and immediately Ambrose began to call. But this time the calling brought no answer, and hours passed, measured only by

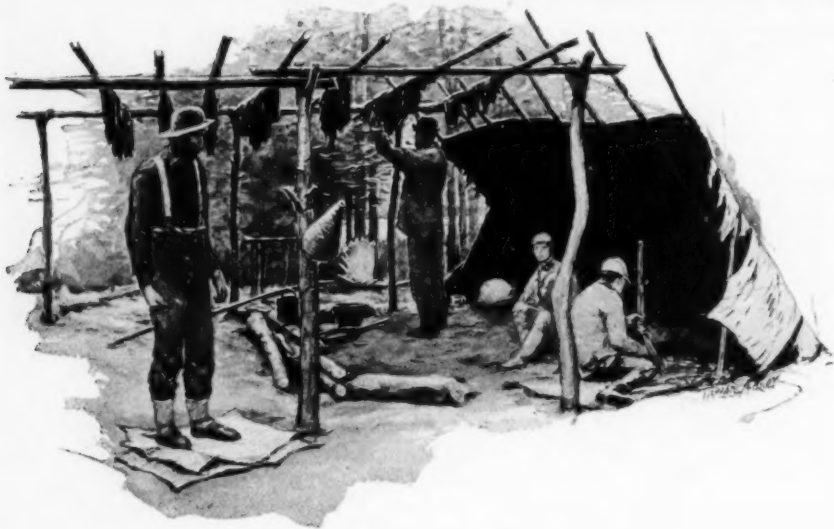
the revolving stars and at long intervals by the regular calls of the Indian.

As the boys lay stretched out comfortably under their blankets they could hardly keep awake, and it was so still they wondered if the Indians too were not almost asleep like themselves. Despite all their efforts the boys' eyelids grew heavy at times.

It was about midnight. Ambrose had just sat down, after a call, when he heard a faint sound like an echo. Could it be? The boys did not hear it, but Ambrose whispered, "Moose!" and gave another call, to which there was an instant response, but from a great distance.

Then it ceased; but the Indians knew. Half an hour!—a twig snapped! The woods seemed empty enough, but who knew what eyes besides their own were peering through the darkness?

Ambrose waved the horn through the water,—slosh, slosh, like a moose wading. Then he grunted and coaxed; but the moose, if any were there, were cautious. At length some



DRYING THE MOOSE-STEAKS.

creature began to strike the trees, as with its horns. Ambrose used his most endearing moose talk. But just then something unexpected happened.

Crop could n't keep his eyes open, and no wonder, for neither of the boys had received first-hand evidence that a moose was within a thousand miles. He had fallen asleep and—well, Jack said Crop *never* did such a thing before. But, however that may be, another

made by the gifted Ambrose, nor yet could it be the challenge of a distant moose.

The moose in the woods near-by whacked its antlers against the trees while Crop snored on, in blissful ignorance of his opportunity. Ambrose seized him by the shoulder, and tried to wake him, but Crop only turned over and snored the louder, while the resonant sound was carried up and down the lake. There was no doubt of it. Crop was hopelessly asleep. So, leaving a puzzled moose upon the shore, the Indians dipped paddles and set out directly for home.

Crop waked up a little, and grasped the situation enough to tell Jimmie, upon reaching camp, that "A moose walked right into the camp, and I was asleep!"

Strangely enough, Ambrose and Joe were not amused by Crop's performance. But their training would not permit them, as hired guides, to say more than:

"We show you the moose; then you suit yourself!"

It would take hours to tell all that happened in that month in the woods: of the beaver they caught and tasted; of the cow moose and her calf, which they photographed, securing an excellent negative; of the sable-traps which



HEAD OF MOOSE KILLED IN MAINE IN 1880. SHOWING EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT OF ANTLERS.

sound—an unmistakable sound—rose in the stillness of the frosty night air. It was not

caught nothing because the bear broke them up; of the fine trout in the lakes; and of how the Indians shod their canoes with thin strips of wood, to protect them from being cut or scraped by the sharp rocks in their passage down the river.

But at last, all too soon, the time came when they must turn their faces homeward, and so

they broke camp, and bade good-by to Jimmie, and Joe, and Ambrose, and, with their trophies, took the train for home.

Jack thinks that he has excellent reason to be proud of his skill as a hunter, and as for Crop, he will not for many a day hear the last of how he went to sleep and snored so musically while hunting moose.



THE SIOUX INDIANS BELIEVED IN A MONSTROUS MOOSE WHICH COULD STRIDE WITH EASE THROUGH THE DEEPEST SNOWDRIFTS.



"'COME, EXCELLENCY,' RAMON WAS SHOUTING. 'IT IS THE SOROCHÉ!—THE MOUNTAIN SICKNESS! COME—WE MUST BE GONE FROM HERE, ELSE VERY SOON YOU ARE BOTH DEAD!'" (SEE PAGE 389.)

A LITTLE HERO OF PERU.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

PROBABLY they would not have seen Ramon Ynga at all, but for the llamas. There was enough else to look at. The overpowering walls of the mountains on both sides seemed to turn the eyes, even as they turned the foaming Rimac, into a channel from which there was no escape. Up at the end of the cleft was such a sight as no man can long hold his eyes from—the black peak of Chin-chan', bent down with its load of eternal winter. There is something awful about the snow that never melts, the great blank fields, the wrinkled glaciers, the savage ice-cornices, the black rocks that peer out hopelessly here and there. It is so different from the friendly white we know and welcome for its sleigh-rides and coastings, its snow-men and snowballings.

It was far up the summit of the Peruvian cordillera, at the very foot of the last wild peaks that stand 18,000 feet in the sky. Where the panting mules trudged, 3000 feet below the peaks, was low, green herbage; and 500 feet lower yet the little torrent, white as its mother snows, roared and chuckled alternately to the uneven wind. But up yonder all was so white and still; their eyes kept lifting to it, forgetful of the dangerous trail—the mules could take care of that. They, poor brutes, seemed ill at ease. They breathed in short, loud gasps; and every hundred feet or so they stopped and rested for a few moments, unmindful of the spur. Then, when they were ready, they started up again of their own accord, sighing heavily. They would not last much longer, at this rate.

"I think I'll get off and walk awhile," said the younger traveler of the two, a bronzed, sinewy man of twenty-five. "It spoils even this scenery for me to see the sufferings of the mules. One would n't think they'd play out so, on such a good trail."

"It is not the grade," remarked the Profes-

sor quietly, "as perhaps you will learn. I am sorry for the mules, too; but it is better to risk them than something more important."

"Why, you speak as though there were some danger about it!" said the younger man, who was now striding sturdily along, leaving his animal to follow. Many a time he had climbed Pike's Peak and its brother giants of Colorado, and once had stood on the cone of Popocatepetl. A peak was nothing to him; and as for this excellent path—pooh! It was mere child's play. The Professor watched him without a word, but with an expression half quizzical, half grave. After a hundred yards he spoke:

"You don't seem quite so springy, Barton. I never saw *you* heavy-footed before."

"Well, the truth is, Professor," gasped Barton, rather shamefacedly, "I feel most remarkably queer. My knees ache as they never did before—though I would n't mind that so much. But I cannot seem to breathe well. Here my lungs and heart are pounding away as if I'd been sprinting for the 220-yard record! It's enough to make a man ashamed of himself."

"No cause at all for shame, my dear boy; you are simply learning what every one has to learn who tempts great altitudes. Now get on your mule."

"No, I'll wear this thing off!" cried the athlete, impatiently. "I'm no puny boy, to give up just because I feel a little wrong. I'll just keep at it, and beat it yet!"

"Barton," said the older man, in a tone his companion had never heard him use before, "you get on that mule, and let us have no more nonsense. I like your pluck; and it is because you have more real sand (as they say in our West) than any other young man I know, that I picked you out for this journey. But

courage is a dangerous thing unless you mix it with brains. You must learn that there are some things pluck cannot overcome—and this is one of them. Mount, then!"

Barton obeyed with rather an ill grace, and promptly got angrier with himself at realizing what a relief it was to be perched again in the ridiculously comfortable Peruvian saddle. He could not get over a feeling of shame that the muscles which had borne the cruelest tests of the frontier should now have "played the baby," as he put it; and he rode on somewhat sulkily.

It was here that Ramon Ynga stumbled into their lives; and, as I have said, all by the doing of the llamas. As they rounded a sharp turn in the trail, the mules stopped suddenly almost face to face with the two strangest animals that Barton had ever seen. Shabby, grotesque figures they were: with splay feet, long, awkward legs, and bodies looking like long tussocks of dry grass. But their necks were the worst—tall and ungainly as stovepipes covered with hair. Their backs were hardly so high as those of the undersized mules; but on these unspeakable necks their heads were quite on a level with Barton's. And *such* heads! They were disproportionately small and ludicrously narrow, with pointed ears, malignant little faces, and lips wickedly drawn back.

"Why, I never saw *anything*, unless a rattle-snake, look quite so vindictive!" cried Barton. "What on earth are they?"

"That is the national bird of Peru," replied the Professor roguishly. "We are apt to see many up here. In fact, if we had had any daylight in Casapalca you would have noticed many hundreds of them; for they bring all the ore to the stamp-mills, and do most of the general freighting besides. Lower than 10,000 feet you will hardly ever find them; the llama* is a mountain animal, and soon dies if taken to the coast."

"So that is the llama! But I thought that was called the Peruvian sheep; and these look no more like sheep than my mule."

"It got that foolish name from the closet naturalists. No one who ever saw a llama could fail to recognize it for a camel—smaller

and longer-haired than the Eastern beast, and without a hump; but a true camel."

"It's a funny-looking beast," laughed Barton. "It seems to put in its time thinking what a grudge it has against everybody—Hi! Get out of the way, you standing grievances!"

The Professor and the young frontiersman had thus far enjoyed the pause of the mules; but now the need of pushing on recurred to their minds; and Barton's exclamation was meant as a signal for advance. But the llamas stood stolidly as ever, blocking the trail. He drummed his spurs against his mule; whereat the animal took two steps forward and stopped, bracing back, unmindful of the rowels. The llamas did not take a step. Only, they seemed to drop their bodies a little, upon those long legs.

"Why, they're not such fools as they look!" cried Barton, whose sharp eye understood the trifling motion. "See! They are going to give us the edge!"

The trail was two feet wide—an endless thread of a shelf hewn along the mountain wall. On the right, the great, dark slope ran up to the very clouds; on the left, one could snap a pebble into the white torrent, 500 feet below.

"I have heard that they always take the wall," the Professor went on; "and that when two llama-trains meet on one of these trails it is almost impossible to make a passing. Sometimes they even shove each other off the cliff."

"I guess we'd better not force the right of way—a tumble to the Rimac there is more than I care for!"—and Barton jumped from his mule and advanced upon the blockaders, waving his arms threateningly.

"Look out!" cried the Professor; but before the words were fairly off his tongue, the foremost llama opened its ugly mouth and spat at Barton in fury. At this unpleasant salutation he retreated hastily.

"That is their weapon of defense," said the Professor. "But I wish they *would* get out of the way—we have no time to spare."

Just then there was another surprise. A figure hardly less remarkable than the camels slid down from the overhanging hillside, and

* Pronounced 'll-yah'mah.

stood in the path, looking at the startled travelers. It was a dwarfish creature, not four feet tall, with a large, round head, a broad, strong body, and very short legs, peculiarly bundled up in unfamiliar clothes. A boy—what in the world was he doing on that impossible slope? What a goat he must be!

"Hulloa!" cried Barton, as soon as he could find a voice.

"God give you good day, sirs," answered the lad gravely, in thick Spanish. "Wait me so little, and I will get you by."

With this he called "U-pa!" to the llamas, lifting his finger as if to point them up the trail. Ordinarily they would have obeyed; but the aggressive manner of Barton had roused their obstinacy, and they did not budge. The boy put his shoulder to the ribs of one, and heaved hard; but the brute stood its ground.

"Well, it is to wait!" said he; and ran about the path, gathering up very small pebbles until his shabby hat was full. Then he sat down on a boulder that jutted from the bank, settling himself as if for a long rest. Then he threw a mild and measured pebble at each llama. They turned their heads a little and wrinkled their disagreeable noses. He waited for some time and then pitched two more pebbles—which had the same effect. So he sat, slowly and mechanically tossing his harmless missiles upon the dense hair of his charges. Evidently he was in no hurry; and the two travelers, impatient as they were, had too much wisdom of experience to try to push him. They sat quietly in their saddles, watching the droll scene. It was very ridiculous to need deliverance from two stupid beasts, and to get it from such an owlish little tatterdemalion. His ragged clothing was of very thick, coarse cloth; and upon his feet were the clumsy *yanquis*, or rawhide sandals of mountain Peru, and he wore thick stockings rising to his knees. Over his trousers was a curious garment, half apron and half leggings; and over-sleeves of the same material, hung with a cord about his neck, came up over the elbows of his coat. These two garments were knit in very strange patterns, amid which were square, brown llamas wandering up and down a gray background. Around his waist was a woven belt, now very old, but of beautiful colors and

workmanship. And his face—what a brown, round riddle!

"How do you call yourself, friend?" asked the Professor, in Spanish. "And have you ten years or a hundred?"

"Ramon Ynga, señor. And the other, I do not know. I have been here a long time—ever since they built the mill at Casapalca."

"You must be about fifteen, then. And where do you live?"

"There, above," answered Ramon, tossing another pebble.

"A curious habit of the mountaineers," said the Professor. "These mountain Indians, instead of living in the valleys, climb to the very tops of these peaks, and build there their squalid stone hovels. They seem to think nothing of the eternal clambering up and down."

An hour crawled by, and the stones in Ramon's hat were running low. Suddenly the brown llama turned with a snort of disgust, and strode off up the trail. The gray one hesitated a moment, snorted—and followed. "That way they get tired, sirs," said the boy, emptying his hat and pulling it down upon his thatch of black hair.

"I'd take a good club to them!" growled Barton, who had great confidence in the Saxon way of forcing things.

"No, the boy is quite right. It is another case where you must not try to be smarter than nature. The llama is the stubbornest brute alive: a mule is vacillating, compared to him. If you put a pound too much on his load, he will lie down; and you might beat him to death, or build a fire beside him, but he would not get up. Nobody but a Peruvian Indian can do anything with a Peruvian camel, and Ramon has just shown us the proper tactics. Hurt the animal, and he only grows more sullen; but the pebbles merely tease him until he can bear it no longer. And really, he repays patience when he behaves well, for he is the only animal that can work effectively at these terrific altitudes, where horses and mules are practically useless. But *adelante!* (forward!)" The Professor concluded.

"Is your Excellency going to Cerro de Pasco?" asked the little Peruvian, running alongside the mule and looking up at the Professor with

unusual animation in his non-committal face. He had never spoken with "Yankees" before, and indeed for *any* stranger to notice him kindly was a new experience. He liked these pale men; and a dim little wish to please them warmed in his heart. That big young man — why, he was taller than any Serrano in the cordillera! — was good. Ramon had seen money a few times; but that round, shiny *sol*,* which the stranger had tossed him when the llamas moved, was the first he had ever held in his hand, and it was almost a worry to be so rich! But the other man, with a little gray above his ears, who only looked at him *so*, and spoke as if he knew him — he, surely, was very great; and it was to him that the ragged boy said, "*Excelencia*." His face was kindly; and there were little smiles at the edges of his mouth, though he did not laugh.

"No, *hijito* (little son)," he answered, "we are not bound to the mines. We are going to climb the Chinchán, to look at the ice-cornices and to measure them."

Even Ramon looked astonished at this. If a Serrano had said it, every one would know he was crazy. Or if it were the young man — well, what could you expect of one who would give away a whole *sol*? But this one — whatever he did, it must be right. He certainly was not crazy. Still —

"But the Soroche, your Excellency," ventured the boy. "For all strangers have it; and many die, even in crossing the slope. Only we who were born here can go so high."

"We have to go, my boy; for I must look at the snow-fields and the cliffs of ice, and measure them," said the Professor, kindly but with firmness. "I know well of the mountain-sickness, and we will be very careful. Besides, we are both very strong."

"It is not always of the strong," persisted Ramon. "Sometimes the sick cross in safety, and those who are very large and red — even larger than your Excellency's friend — fall suddenly and never rise again; for the Soroche is stronger than any."

"You are quite right, my wise friend. It is terrible. But all do not fall victims, and we must brave it."

* The Peruvian silver dollar.

"At the least, Excellency, let me go also! For I know these hills very well, and perhaps I could help. As for the llamas, my brother Sancho comes even yonder, and he will herd them."

"You won't really take the little rat up there, will you, Professor?" broke in Barton. "It would be the death of him."

"'M-m! I only hope we may be as safe as he will! *Esté bien*, my boy! *Vamos!*'"†

At nine next morning the three were entering the edge of the snow-fields. They had camped for the night in a deserted hovel at the head of the valley; and there the mules could still be seen grazing, pulling as far down hill as their ropes would allow. The hut was not a mile behind; but the travelers had been ever since daylight coming thus far. The Professor looked old; and Barton's big chest was heaving violently. As for Ramon, he clambered along steadily and soberly, stopping only when he saw the others had stopped.

By noon they were at the foot of the last ridge, in a great rounding bay flanked by two spurs of the upper peak. The curving rim far overhead was a savage cliff of eternal ice — a cliff of 1500 feet sheer. At the top a great white brow projected many yards, overhanging the bluish precipice.

"It is — a — noble — cornice," gasped the Professor, as they sank upon the snow to rest for the hundredth time since morning. "But I fear — we — made — a mistake. We — should — not have — tried this — without — waiting a — few weeks — in Casa-palca — to get — acclimated."

"It's awful!" groaned Barton. "My head — feels — as if — it would — burst. But I'll be hanged — if I — give up!" And the resolute young man fairly snatched himself to erectness, and started toward the spur. But with the third step his tall form swung half around, and swayed an instant, and fell as a dead pine falls in the wind, and lay heavily upon the snow. His face was black; and a bright red stream trickled from each nostril as the Professor sank on his knees beside him, crying huskily: "My — poor boy! — I have — killed — you!"

The Professor's face had a strange look, too.

† "All right. Come."

His eyes were very red and swollen—but that was from the merciless glare of the snow—and in his cheeks a gray shadow seemed to be struggling with the unnatural purple. And he was

understood. Dazed as he was, the way in which Ramon said that one word "Come!" roused and cheered him like the far bugle-call which tells of reinforcements to the besieged.

He was not alone.

Here was help—the help of a dwarfed Indian boy of fifteen! But that is often the very sort we need—not muscle so much as the elbow-touch of a stanch heart.

"But — Barton?" said the Professor. He could no longer think clearly; and instinctively he turned to Ramon as a superior. "Barton? We — cannot — leave — Barton!" The Serrano lad looked at the prostrate figure and then at the Professor.

But even in those bloodshot eyes Ramon read something that decided him. It was very hard, and it was more dangerous, but the Friend-man loved the other. Then the other must be tried for, too!

Ramon unwound his long woven belt and passed it under Barton's back. The ends he drew up under the armpits, and crossed them at the back of



"THE RAILROAD ABOVE THE CLOUDS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

so unlike the Professor of yesterday; he seemed so dull, even stupid!

"Come, Excellency!" Ramon was shouting in his ear. "It is the Soroche, the mountain-sickness, and none can fight it. We must be gone from here, else very soon you are both dead. Come!" The small brown fist was tugging at the old man's shoulder; and in the quaint, boyish voice was a strange thrill. The Professor

the neck, giving one end to the Professor, and keeping one himself. Then, when they pulled apart, the crossing of the belt supported Barton's head. "Now!" cried Ramon; and pulling strongly, the two dragged the heavy form along the snow to the edge of the steep slope. The Professor's face was purple, and drops of blood beaded his finger-tips.

"Let me, señor!" said the boy; and taking

both ends of the belt over his shoulder, he went plunging down the declivity, Barton's limp head bumping against his legs, and Barton's body and heels dragging in the soft snow just enough to act as a brake. As for the Professor, he stumbled after as best he could, with vague eyes and bursting veins and treacherous legs. Sometimes he fell forward and plowed a rod in the snow; and once he was beginning to *roll*, but Ramon leaped and stopped him just in time. And so at last they came to the end of the snow. The boy laid his burden upon the matted grass, with head uphill, and piled a little drift of snow about the head. "Put it so, also, to your head," said he, "and I will bring the mules."

With that Ramon was racing down the hill in knowing zigzags, though it looked too steep for a goat.

In half an hour a very tired boy was getting two helpless men upon two almost helpless mules. Perhaps if the latter had been able to object, he could not have succeeded. But by the help of the slope, and hauling with his belt over the saddle from the down-hill side, he presently had both up. Barton's feet he tied together under the mule, and Barton's hands were bound around its neck. The Professor could sit up, in a stupid way, and Ramon tied only his feet. "Hold well!" he cried loudly and sternly, but with the same little quiver in his voice; and taking both bridle-reins in one hand he plunged down the hill, his weight thrown forward upon the hard bits so that the reluctant mules had no choice but to follow.

The only one of the party who remembers much of that grim journey is Ramon, and as he is not much given to talking, no one knows just what he does think of it. The Professor's clear recollection be-

gins with finding himself on board the train at Casapalca—a train of that most wonderful railroad in the world, the railroad above the clouds, that clambers up and burrows through the cordillera of Peru. Before that, are only hazy memories of a vast mountain-wall leaning over to crush him; a winding path in the air; a queer, boy's voice, coming from nowhere, with little Spanish words of cheer. And now a round, brown face from the opposite side was watching him seriously—even tenderly, the Professor fancied—while the burly conductor was saying:

"I never see it come any closer! How ever that boy got you in, beats *my* time. And I saw he hated to leave you, so I says to him, says I, 'Just get in, sonny, 'n' go down to Lima with us, 'n' I 'll fetch you back if I lose my job! He 's the right sort, he is! An' you 'll be all right, soon as you get down there—that 's the only medicine for the S'rochy."

All right they were, next day in the capital. Even Barton was able to sit up; and he nodded weakly as the Professor said to Ramon:

"My boy, I would like you to go with us. We have to travel much in Peru; and if you will accompany us you will earn good wages. And you shall be as my son. For neither of us would be alive now if we had not had a little hero with us. Will you come?"

Joy flashed over Ramon's face. But then it faded, and tears started in his eyes as he said simply:

"You are good, Excellency! I would go *anywhere* with you. But in the Chinchin is my mother, with the babies; and since father died, I must be the Man, for Sancho is too young. *Adios!*"

And he ran out, so that they should not see him crying.



SUMMITS OF THE ANDES OF PERU.



IN THE HEART OF WINTER.

THE NOBODY MAN.

BY WINTHROP PACKARD.

I WALKED one day, a long, long way,
Down to Topsy-Turvy Town,
Where it's day all night, and it's night all
day —

In the Land of Upside Down.
And who do you think was walking round?
Imagine it if you can:
In the Land of Upside Down I found
The Nobody Man!

His head was bowed, and he groaned aloud,
With the burden that he bore:
Misdeeds and mishaps, a wonderful crowd,
Till there seemed no room for more.
“And why are you so heavily tasked,
On such an unequal plan?”
As I sat on a wayside seat, I asked
The Nobody Man.

He sat him nigh with a doleful sigh,
And he said: “It needs must be;
What ‘Nobody’ does at home so sly
Is shouldered here by me.
The slips and mishaps that are, soon or late,
Denied by the careless clan,
In the Land of Upside Down all weight
The Nobody Man.”

He passed along with a doleful song,
This overburdened wight,
And, bowed with the weight of other folks’
wrong,
He hobbled out of sight;
And I don’t understand how it all can be,
Or why he should bear this ban,
But — well, ’t was a wonderful thing to see
The Nobody Man!



JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS.

THE GOODLY SWORD.

BY MARY STUART MCKINNEY.



Japanese sword and guard. The guard on a larger scale.

HALF a hundred centuries ago the Egyptians gave to the sword its name. Since those old days the history of the trenchant blade, stained with blood and defaced by the scars of battle though it is, holds much of the glory, the poetry, and the chivalry of the cruel game of war. A friend whose fidelity never wavered and whose power never failed, it is not surprising that men endowed the sword not only with human attributes, but with the might and majesty of the gods themselves. The old legends abound in tales of its magical powers. How the divine armorers strove continually to excel some rival in the forging of a blade of a temper so delicate that it might cut a thread with the same ease with which it struck a head from the body, or hewed through heavy metal armor, was a favorite subject of the old Teutonic and Viking tales. These legendary blades bore characteristic names, by which they were invariably known: Graysteel, Wader through Sorrow, and Millstone Biter were swords of wide renown; and we all remember how Arthur of the Round Table took "Excalibur . . . the sword that rose from out the bosom of the lake." Caesar's

sword was called "Crocce Mors"; Charlemagne's "Joyeuse" played no small part in the setting up of the great Frankish empire; many a bold captain went down before "El Tizona," wielded by the relentless hand of the Cid.

Since fact and fancy both unite in telling of its greatness, let us see what history really says about the knightly weapon.

In the early ages, before men knew anything about civilized ways, they lived in caves and had to protect themselves not only from the attacks of animals, but from those of their human brothers as well. The first weapon their unaccustomed fingers shaped was a war-club. Experience, however, soon taught them that a deadlier blow might be delivered with a weapon that would cut rather than crush, and they made a hatchet. Then, one day, someone discovered a substance in the secret stores of the good brown earth on which he finally learned to put a keener edge than he had ever been able to chip on his stone hatchet, and the sword was made. From the remains discovered in tombs and barrows, or mounds, we know that these savage races gained a certain degree of skill in fashioning bronze and iron sword-blades. And from the care with which it is evident that their bodies had been buried, we infer that they are the remains of chieftains and men of consequence, and that they esteemed their swords most honorable and perhaps useful companions in the long journey to the world beyond.

Of the swords of the three great nations of antiquity, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans, we are able to get a remarkably clear idea from the carvings they have left on tombs and temples. The Assyrian sword had a slim, two-edged blade merging into a handle that was scarcely more than a haft. The decoration was limited almost entirely to carvings of the heads and bodies of animals, so placed, as may be seen from the picture, as to give a singu-



ASSYRIAN
SWORD.



GREEK SWORD
OF BRONZE.



ROMAN BROAD-
SWORD.

larly striking and distinguished character to the weapon.

In the many lively skirmishes that took place around the walls of Troy during the famous ten years' siege, the Greek warrior carried an admirable sword. The rather long two-edged blade with its gradual swell, that tapered gracefully to a sharp point, has been likened very aptly to the form of the sage-leaf. These outlines were so good in themselves that any extra decoration seems out of place. We find, however, that delicate traceries on the blade, and silver studs set thickly in the hilt, were favorite ornaments. Although this sword was shortened in later years, its beautiful outlines were retained, and the sparing decoration of blade, scabbard, and hilt was remarkably simple and artistic, as befitted the Greek race.

VOL. XXIII.—50.

But the sword that gained the greatest renown in classical antiquity was the broadsword of the Romans. The weapons commonly used in the times before the Christian era were the lance and the javelin. It was with these that the unshaken strength of the far-famed Macedonian phalanx had been maintained against many a fierce attack. The phalanx consisted of foot-soldiers drawn up in line of battle, four, eight, sixteen, or twenty-five ranks deep. The men, who were heavily armored, held their shields close together, edge to edge, and their long spears tilted forward to protect the rank in front. The broadsword of the Roman legionaries, however,—those sturdy fellows who knew how to fight with a fortitude and tenacity that have never been surpassed,—taught the Greek a new lesson in military tactics. A successful formation of the phalanx required careful preparation, and a fairly level country was absolutely necessary. When it was possible to command these conditions, the compact square of spearmen presented a front that it was almost impossible to break. But in a sudden encounter, or fighting at close quarters, an effective use of the broadsword did not depend on any definite order of formation, and it brought into play quite another sort of courage. Men then no longer fought as machines; it was the personal bravery of the individual, and not the dumb, stolid resistance of ranks of human beings formed into a living wall that won the day.

During the first twelve centuries of the Christian era the sword varied little, in the essential features, from the lines of the broadsword. The blade was lengthened, it is true, and less curved; but the cross-pieces of the hilt were usually straight, and the simple, workmanlike look was preserved. The change to the elaborate hilts of several centuries later was made gradually. There were slight changes in the cross-pieces from time to time; the stiff straight lines little by little began to curve gently toward the blade. The knob at the end of the handle, usually a simple disk or ball of metal, was varied into a trefoil, a fluting, or a small Maltese cross. Blades and scabbards were engraved with inscriptions, a practice which had indeed been handed down from ancient times, as swords have been found in Danish barrows bear-

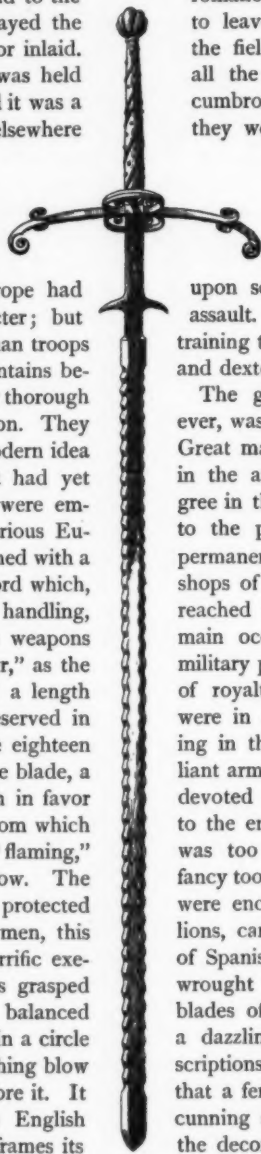
ing unmistakable Runic characters cut in the bronze blades. The cross-hilted sword the Crusaders carried on their pious errand to the Holy Land not infrequently displayed the sacred monogram, either carved or inlaid. An oath sworn upon the sword was held peculiarly sacred and binding, and it was a common custom in England and elsewhere to confirm a pledge in this way.

In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries the development of the sword was carried forward rapidly. Hitherto, the military organization of Europe had been of the most irregular character; but in the fourteenth century the German troops and the men from the Swiss mountains became known far and wide for their thorough discipline and excellent organization. They approached more nearly to the modern idea of a soldier than any troops that had yet been put in the field, and they were employed as hired troops by the various European sovereigns. They were armed with a pistol and a huge two-handed sword which, through their marvelously skilful handling, became one of the most famous weapons of the armory. This "two-hander," as the Germans called it, often reached a length of seven feet, and one still preserved in Westminster Abbey weighs quite eighteen pounds. The wavy outline of the blade, a style of decoration that was much in favor in the arts about this time, and from which came our word "flamboyant," or "flaming," gave greater efficacy to the blow. The prongs below the crosspieces protected the guard. Wielded by trained men, this weapon was capable of doing terrific execution. The brawny man-at-arms grasped the sword firmly in both hands; balanced on one foot, he swung the blade in a circle above his head and fetched a crashing blow that mowed down everything before it. It was a favorite weapon with the English soldiery, to whose strongly-built frames its huge proportions were well adapted. Richard the Lion-hearted, who from his great size alone would have been the foremost man on any field, handled this heavy wea-

pon with such strength and skill that his name became a terror to the foe. According to an old romance, an expert swordsman might hope to leave sixty of the enemy disabled on the field; but these mighty brands had all the faults of their virtues. Like the cumbrous armor of the Gothic period, they were a sore tax on the spent energies of the weary soldier; and, owing to their awkward size, extreme care was required in handling them lest an unexpected blow might be bestowed upon some fellow-soldier in the furious assault. Besides, it took a lifetime of training to produce men of sufficient strength and dexterity to render effective service.

The glorious epoch of the sword, however, was reached in the sixteenth century. Great manual skill and a thorough training in the arts were united in a marked degree in the artisans of this period, and gave to the products of the industrial arts a permanent value and beauty. In the shops of the metal-workers this proficiency reached a rare excellence. War was the main occupation of kings, and civil and military pageants were the favorite pastime of royalty. The armorers, consequently, were in constant demand, and were untiring in their efforts to produce costly, brilliant arms and coats of mail. Great artists devoted all the resources of their genius to the enrichment of the sword. No metal was too precious, no jewel too rare, no fancy too ingenious for its decoration. Hilt were encrusted with gems, set with medallions, carved, embossed, inlaid; scabbards of Spanish leather or Genoese velvet were wrought with gold and silver embroidery; blades of the finest steel were polished to a dazzling luster, and engraved with inscriptions and arabesques. Every artifice that a fertile imagination could devise and cunning skill carry out was lavished upon the decoration of the beloved weapon.

The Spanish towns were celebrated throughout the civilized world for the excellence of their swords, and among them all Toledo stood unrivaled for the temper of her



A TWO-HANDED SWORD WITH WAVY BLADE. END OF 15TH CENTURY.

steel. The Toledo blade, famous in song and story, was so keen, so flexible, and withal so strong that its fineness became proverbial. When the Moors overran Spain in the ninth century, they were already masters of many of the arts, and especially were they adepts in the working of metal. Their swords were highly valued for their delicate temper, and their special decoration which we still call damascening was also justly prized. It was from these conquerors that the Spaniards learned much of their skill in forging and tempering steel.

And that the completeness of the noblest weapon men ever made should not be marred by the lack of any element, natural or artificial, the fairy godmother, Nature, contributed one more gift. On the banks of the Tagus there is an abundance of fine sand. In the process of forging, the metal is taken white-hot from the furnace, and is subjected to a cooling process. It was to the peculiar properties of this white Tagus sand, in which the cooling blade was buried, that the Toledo swords owed their unequalled hardness and great flexibility.

The Italian cities produced some excellent swords. The smiths of Milan and Florence forged blades of exquisite temper, to which they applied tasteful decorations. Benvenuto Cellini made many a noble masterpiece in the enduring steel, and Andrea Ferrara, whose swords were in high favor in England and Scotland, has left his signature on some weapons of fine temper and rare workmanship. There were celebrated sword-cutlers in France, the armorers of Bordeaux being especially notable. The German smiths excelled in the manufacture of heavy armor, and the hilts of Nuremberg were admirable. It would take, however, less than the fingers of one hand to tell off the really great swordmakers of England — those worthy of lasting fame.

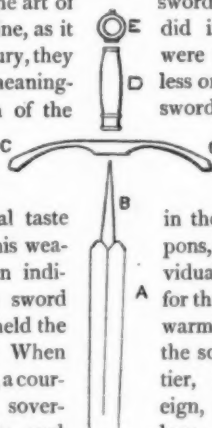
The swords of the sixteenth century exhibit such a diversity of form and design that, in order to get a clear idea of the relation of the parts, a brief explanation of the pieces and the terms used to designate them may be necessary.

To understand exactly how the sword was

put together, let us glance at the diagram a moment. The blade, marked A in the drawing, narrows into a tapering spike, B, which is called the tang. This tang pierces the cross-guard, C, C, called also the quillons, and runs through the grip or barrel, D, to the pommel, E, where it is firmly riveted — a construction that insures strength and absolute solidity. This simple form of the sword prevailed until the fifteenth century, as we have seen, when, to perform the various duties to which it began to be assigned, new pieces were added and the old ones were modified. As the science of swordsmanship developed, it was found necessary to protect the hands of the combatants. A guard and counter-guard, which sprang from the quillons and extended to the pommel, were therefore introduced. The cup-guard, formed of a cup-shaped piece of steel, pierced, and decorated with flowers and foliage, served a useful purpose in entangling the point of the adversary's weapon in its perforations. A curious variation of the guard was called the *pas d'âne*. It consisted of bent pieces, more or less intricate, which twisted and turned upon themselves, and ran down upon the blade for a short distance. Each of these additions to the hilt had its own special use in the beginning; but when the art of sword-making began to decline, as it did in the seventeenth century, they were made a mere excuse for meaningless ornament.

The man of the sixteenth century

indulged a most critical taste in the number and quality of his weapons, each of which had its own individual uses. The stout plain sword of fighting held the warmest place in his esteem. When the soldier became a courtier, before his sovereign, he appeared in velvet, satin, and lace ruffles, and wore at his side a graceful toy he called a court-sword. The dueling-sword, that figured so prominently in those hurried and quiet little affairs that took place in unfrequented byways, was a long, slim, sharply pointed weapon, flexi-



sword who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries

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that cost the
a brave and

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only in size,
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dle of the
great blade, to make
it as light as
possible. The rap-
pier was in general
use on the Continent
some years before it
made its appearance
in England, where,
it must be said, it
was received with

scorn and
ridicule, as
being much
too effeminate
for any self-respect-
to trifle with.
of France, Spain,
ever, were adepts
science of sword-
it with a fatal sub-
las, which we read
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dashing guardsman.

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dire effects of a swing-
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vone—a notable

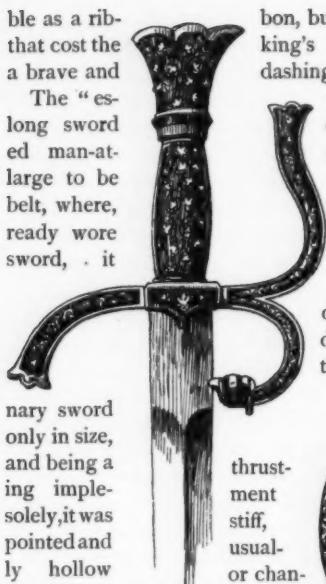
sword of the
Italian soldiery
—carried a con-
spicuous guard,

extending from the quillons to
the pommel, formed of a lattice-
work of metal bands that resembled
the plaiting of osiers in a basket. This
basket-hilted sword, as it was called,
was so closely allied to the claymore of
the Scotch Highlanders that they have fre-
quently been mistaken, one for the other.

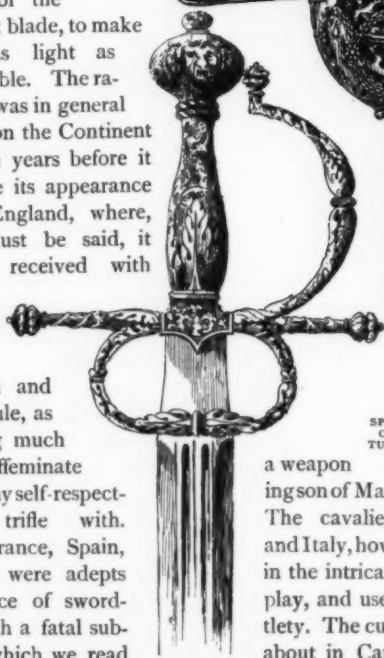
The Japanese, whose civilization was old
before ours began, have produced beautiful
examples of the sword-maker's art. The
Japanese nobleman carried his swords as
the insignia of his rank. He wore one on
each side, thrust into the folds of his sash.

These swords have been handed down
as heirlooms from father to son; and
it was not unusual for families of an-

cient lineage to have as many as fifteen hun-
dred of them—marvels of costly and artistic
workmanship—in their possession. The scab-
bards are richly lacquered, and bound about
with a silken cord in a curious pattern, a
specimen of which is shown in the initial. The
blade is curved, and the round guard is pierced
to carry a small dagger. This guard, called a
tsuba, is decorated with curious designs; and

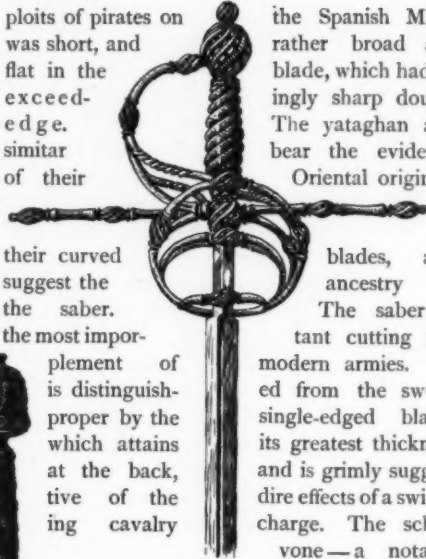


VENETIAN
SWORD WITH
CURVED
QUILLONS.

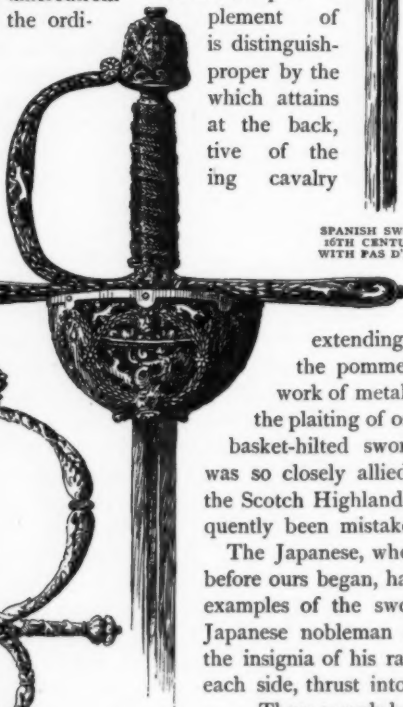


SPANISH
SWORD WITH
CARVED
HILT.

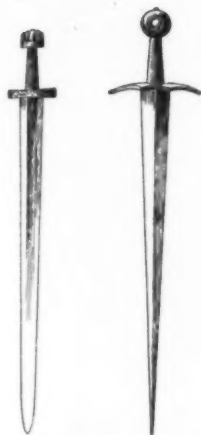
a weapon
ing son of Mars
The cavaliers
and Italy, how-
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SPANISH SWORD,
16TH CENTURY,
WITH PAS D'ANE.



SPANISH SWORD
OF 17TH CEN-
TURY, WITH CUP
GUARD.



CARLOVIGIAN SWORD. EIGHTH CENTURY.

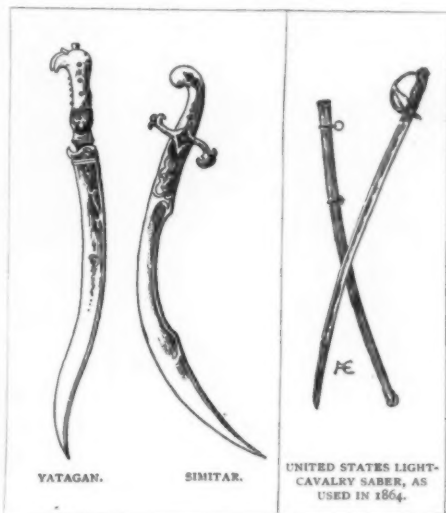
so great is the ingenuity of the Japanese metal-workers that among the thousands of swords they have produced it is impossible to find two guards exactly alike. They are prized so highly by collectors that large sums of money have been paid frequently for an antique sword, only that it might be ruthlessly torn apart to secure the guard.

But the heyday of the sword has passed.

The general use of firearms increased steadily as the awkwardness of the old snap-hammers and wheel-locks was improved upon, and the nobler weapon was gradually supplanted. Now, it is complained, the traditions that hung about the sword, the nice customs that controlled its use, and the courtly manners its very presence seemed to foster, have been forgotten: the king of weapons has become simply one more ornament with which to deck a full-dress uniform.

Such, sketched very lightly, is the merest outline of the history of the sword; an intimation only of the splendor and stateliness of the weapon of whose achievements Sir Richard Burton has said:

"In the hands of the old Nilotes the sword spread culture and civilization throughout adjoining Africa and Western Asia. The Phœni-



YATAGAN.

SIMITAR.

UNITED STATES LIGHT-CAVALRY SABER, AS USED IN 1864.

cians carried it wide and side over the world then known to man. The Greeks won with it their liberty, and developed with it their citizenship. Wielded by the Romans, it enthroned the reign of law, and laid the foundation for the brotherhood of mankind. Thus, though it soaked earth with the blood of her sons, the sword has ever been true to its mission—the progress of society."



JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS.

PUZZLED.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

THERE lived in ancient
Scribbletown a
wise old writer-
man

Whose name was
Homer Cicero
Demosthenes
McCann.

He 'd written treatises
and themes till
"For a change,"
he said,

"I think I 'll write a
children's book
before I go to
bed."

He pulled down all his musty tomes in Latin
and in Greek;

Consulted cyclopedias and manuscripts an-
tique,

Essays in Anthropology, studies in counter-
poise —

"For these," he said, "are useful lore for little
girls and boys."

He scribbled hard, and scribbled fast, he burned
the midnight oil,

And when he reached "The End" he felt re-
warded for his toil;

He said, "This charming Children's Book is
greatly to my credit."

And now he 's sorely puzzled that no child
has ever read it.



TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

It is doubtful if Carrots often had a harder task than that of remaining silent on the subject of the news-stand, when he went downtown to work immediately after it had been purchased.

He had allowed himself to dwell upon the possibility of owning an interest in a stand, with a magnificent chair attached for the benefit of customers to the boot-blackening portion of the establishment, from the moment Teddy first spoke of the scheme; and now that it was really a fact, with the exception of the chair, it seemed particularly hard that he must keep the startling and pleasing information a profound secret.

"P'rhaps it 's jest as well not to flash it up on the boys till after we get the whole thing in style—bootblack's quarters an' all," he said to himself in the hope of cheering his mind. "When she 's in shape I reckon some of the fellows in this town will find out that I can do a thing or two, even if my hair *is* red!"

The fact that he was soon to become famous in the eyes of his friends, if not of the entire world, did not prevent Carrots from plunging into the vortex of business with his whole heart; for he understood how necessary it was to earn the extra money which would be needed until the business establishment was in a proper financial condition, and he worked most industriously.

It was hard to keep his thoughts upon the cleaning of muddy boots when he knew that at that moment Ikey was presiding over the stand with a "whole dollar's worth" of stock

in front of him, and more than once was he tempted to leave his business sufficiently long to take just one peep at the place.

"I could sneak up there, an' look 'round the corner without anybody's seein' me," he said to himself once when trade was dull; but, remembering what Teddy had told him regarding the necessity of "hustling," he put the temptation far from his mind.

He did, however, so far give an inkling of the change in his business prospects, as to say, when Teenie Massey spoke about the difficulty of finding customers:

"P'rhaps there 's some in this town what won't have to run 'round after trade very long; but can sit down an' wait for boots to come to them."

"What do you mean?" Teenie asked excitedly.

"Nothin' much; but you 'll see somethin' to 'stonish you before many years."

"I reckon I will," Teenie replied with a sigh, as he thought how the time might drag if he should be forced to wait so long before seeing anything astonishing. "Heard from Skip this mornin'?"

"No, an' I 'm takin' mighty good care to keep out of his way when the three of us ain't together. I wonder if he 'll have the nerve to set them boxes afire?"

"I should n't wonder. Where are you goin' to sleep to-night?"

"Well, you see it 's hard to say, 'cause all the swell places might be full when we get through business. I did n't know but I 'd telephone up to the Hoffman for quarters; yet there 's a good deal of trouble in doin' sich a thing."

"Yes," Teenie replied sarcastically, "an' it might be quite a bother to pay the bill for the message."

"I 'd be willin' to hang it up, if I was countin' on doin' anything of that kind."

"Yes, but the other folks might have somethin' to say 'bout it. It 'll be cheaper to hunt for a cart somewhere, or go down to the Lodgin' House."

If Teenie had questioned him more closely, Carrots might have been tempted to tell his friend some ridiculous yarn, rather than reveal the secret of the stand; but, fortunately, there was no necessity of his doing anything of the kind, for just at that moment the bootblackening industry received a decided impetus by the arrival of three gentlemen from the country, who required the services of Carrots and his friend.

Not until nearly noon did Master Williams see his partner, and then he met him by chance on the way to the newspaper offices for a fresh stock.

"How 's trade?" Teddy asked.

"First class. I've taken in eighty cents since I began; but it 's slackenin' off a little now. How 're you gettin' along?"

"Great! It seems as if it was n't any trouble to sell papers to-day. Say, at this rate we can get in a bigger stock by night."

"That 's what we want," Carrots replied gravely, looking as serious as if he had just been called upon to decide a very important question relative to some business policy. "We ought ter make as big a show as we can, 'cause folks will see the stand has been opened ag'in, an' they 'll look 'round the first thing to find if we 've got much of a stock. Of course we 're goin' to keep all the weekly papers, ain't we?"

"I don't know if we ought ter put out so much money yet a while."

"Course we ought. Pitch in an' have things fine. We can 'ford to invest what 's been made to-day, and you 'd better buy the stuff right away," Carrots said as he handed Teddy the money he had earned. "I 'll get more between now an' night to buy the supper with, so you don't want ter tend to anything like that."

Teddy was undecided as to whether this would be a wise move, so soon after taking upon themselves the expense of paying rent; but his partner was so eager it should be done that he finally consented, and hurried away to

buy the additional stock, while Carrots searched for customers.

It seemed strange to both the merchants that Skip Jellison made no effort to annoy them on this day, and they could account for it only on the supposition that he did really intend to carry out his plan of destroying the packing-case home by fire.

No one should censure Carrots for ceasing his labors at an unusually early hour because of the fact that he was exceedingly anxious to see his place of business in full operation, with a clerk behind the counter.

In addition to this desire, he had promised himself that, if trade should be brisk, he would purchase a regular feast as a sort of housewarming, a task which would require no slight amount of time.

And business had been sufficiently good to warrant his indulging in his treat.

He did not remember ever having made so much money, in the same length of time, as on this day the stand was opened.

He had given to Teddy his entire receipts of the forenoon, and yet, an hour before sunset, he had taken in sixty cents more, which was at least twice as much as he thought would be necessary for his purpose.

So determined was he that the feast should be a perfect success that fully an hour was spent in selecting the different articles, and then he walked swiftly toward their new establishment.

It did not suit Carrots's purpose to go directly to the stand.

He wished to view it first at a distance, and from the most favorable point, therefore he came up Grand street, and stood on the opposite corner fully ten minutes enjoying the scene, before making known his presence to the "clerk."

"Well," he said to himself, in a tone of satisfaction, as he surveyed the stand critically, "if there 's a better-lookin' place in this city, I 'd like to see it, that 's all! Why, it seems to be chuck full of papers! An' don't the pictures show up great? Well, I should say they did! I wish it was a *little* greener; but if business gits good we can give it a new coat of paint some night. An' I own half of all that! I 'm comin' it mighty strong, 'cordin' to my way of— Jiminy!— Ikey 's sellin' somethin' now!"

Carrots could not remain concealed.

Money was actually being paid into his establishment by a customer who had come there of his own free will, and the junior partner of the firm of Thurston and Williams felt it impossible to stay away from the enchanting place any longer.

Running swiftly across the street he threw his many packages on the counter with the air of a proprietor, just in time to see Ikey pass the gentleman ten cents in change.

"What did he give you?" Carrots asked excitedly.

"A quarter."

"What—a quarter?" the young merchant exclaimed in surprise. "Do you mean to tell me he bought fifteen cents' worth all at one time?"

"Course I do," Ikey replied, as if he was accustomed to making such large sales. "Why, I had one man who got twenty cents' worth, an' he asked me if the stand was goin' to be kept open right along now."

"Did you tell him who owned it?"

"Of course; an' he said he'd buy his papers here all the time."

"Well, I'm a Dutchman if I thought business was so big with a stand! I can't see what made the other fellow give it up. How much money did you take in altogether?"

"Let's see," and Ikey knit his brow as he called upon his memory to aid him in the account. "There was two dollars 'n' forty-two cents, an' now I've got fifteen more; that makes—forty-two an' ten is fifty-two, an' five is fifty-seven—two dollars 'n' fifty-seven cents."

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"Well, I 'll be jiggered!" and Carrots found it necessary to enter the stand for the purpose of seeing and handling the money before he could be convinced his clerk had told him no more than the truth.

"Well, 'cordin' to the looks of things we've struck a reg'lar gold mine here; an' it won't be very long before I can git a chair that 'll knock the Italian's all out er sight!"



"HOW DID YOU KNOW CARROTS LIVED HERE?" TEDDY ASKED, STERNLY." (SEE PAGE 403.)

"If my leg was n't so lame I could make a good deal more; but you see I don't dare to jump on an' off the cars."

"Put those things under the counter, an' give me a pile of papers!" Carrots cried. "We 'll soon know what this kind of trade is worth."

When Teddy returned from down town, be-

lieving business to be finished for the day, Carrots was still actively engaged; and not until nearly eight o'clock did either of the partners think it prudent to cease work.

"That 's what I call makin' things hum!" Carrots said as the two entered the stand, after "shutting up shop" by raising the shutter which served as a counter during the day. "I 've sold sixteen papers since I come up to-night, an' might 'a' done a good deal more if the stock had n't run out. How much do you s'pose we 've made?"

"We 'll soon know, after I go for a candle," Teddy replied.

"I bought three, so 's we could have a reg'lar blow-out for the first night," Carrots said as he produced the articles in question. "You figure up, an' I 'll get the grub together."

It was necessary Teddy should take an account of the stock on hand before the profits could be ascertained, and then, to the surprise of his partner and clerk, he announced that the amount which had been made in both branches of the business was three dollars and sixty-one cents.

"Now, if that ain't getting rich fast, I 'd like to know what you 'd call it!" Carrots exclaimed, as he ceased his labor of slicing a bologna sausage, to verify his partner's figures. "If things keep on at this rate it won't be sich a dreadful while before we 'll have to rent a reg'lar store."

"It 's a good deal bigger 'n I expected," Teddy admitted; "an' we must n't count on doin' the same every day. Half as well will satisfy me."

"But we shall make twice as much if the hoss-cars an' stores are worked. Jest wait till I get a chair here, so 's I can keep the trade hummin' when there is n't any shinin' to be done, an' you 'll see how the money 's bound to come tumblin' in. The feller what gave up this stand must 'a' been a chump!"

"I don't s'pose he tended to business," Teddy said solemnly, as he placed the stock on a shelf, and prepared to join in the feast. "This place is goin' to be mighty snug to live in; but it is n't so handy as the yard, 'cause a feller 's got to hunt 'round for water when he wants to wash his face."

"If trade keeps on like this I 'll 'gree not to let a drop of water come near me for a year," Carrots exclaimed.

"An' the customers would keep away too, I reckon. But say, Carrots, is n't this goin' it rather strong for supper?" Teddy asked almost sternly, as he gazed at the newspaper spread on the floor of the stand, and heaped high with such delicacies as "bolivars," bolognas, and pickled sheep's-tongues.

"I reckon it is; but you see it 's the first night, an' I counted on spreadin' myself some. There 's three of us, you know, so it takes a lot of grub to go 'round."

"It won't do to keep this thing up," Teddy said, as he shook his head gravely.

"Course not; but to-night does n't count. Now pitch right in, both of you, an' let 's have a high old time."

Ikey had already begun to do his share, and, as the others joined him, the silence within the stand was broken only by Carrots's gasps, for he ate so eagerly that he hardly gave himself time to breathe properly.

The candle was standing in one corner, in a bottle, while under the counter was a pile of straw which Ikey had gathered to serve as beds; and these gave the place such an air of home, as, according to Carrots's ideas, it would be hard to find elsewhere.

"I sha'n't go to the Hoffman House agin'," he said in a tone of content, as he gazed around complacently after it was absolutely impossible to eat any more. "This is about the swellest place in this city, an' the fellows 'd be wild if they could see us. Mighty lucky for you, Ikey, that we got this stand, an' as we did, for now you won't have to lay low while your leg 's gettin' well."

"It 's a dandy!" Ikey replied, enthusiastically, "an' I would n't ask anythin' better 'n to stay here all the time."

"If trade keeps on as it 's begun, I reckon we can 'ford to hire you right along, eh, Teddy?"

Before Master Thurston could reply, the clang and rattle of a fire-engine broke upon the stillness, and all three rushed out of the stand in the shortest possible time.

"It 's down near where I used to live!" Car-

rots cried, as he saw the engine turning the corner. "Do you s'pose Skip has really dared to do what he threatened?"

"Ikey, you'll have to stay here 'cause you can't run," Teddy said, hurriedly. "Keep the door locked, an' Carrots and I'll come right back."

Then the partners started at full speed; and, although they had been warned that such might be the case, both were astonished almost beyond the power of speech, at finding that the blaze actually proceeded from the backyard where Carrots had spent so many nights.

"He 's really gone an' done it!" Master Williams exclaimed in a tone of awe, and just at that moment Reddy Jackson stepped from among the network of hose, whence he had evidently been trying to peer into the yard.

"Why, how did you come *here*?" he cried in astonishment. "I thought there was n't any other way but this, to get out from where you sleep."

"How did you know Carrots lived here?" Teddy asked sternly.

"Why, some of the fellows told me, of course," Master Jackson replied hesitatingly.

"They did n't; 'cause nobody knew except Teenie Massey, an' I 'm sure he has n't said anything," Carrots cried. "I 've heard 'bout Skip 's threatenin' to burn this place, an' it was Skip that started the fire."

"What 're you yellin' so for?" Reddy cried nervously. "Do you want everybody to hear?"

"I don't care if they do," said Carrots, sturdily.

(To be continued.)

"Skip 'll be after you, if he knows you 're sayin' sich things. He ain't through with you an' this country jay yet."

"No; nor he won't be till he gives up that dollar he stole," Teddy said sternly. "If he is n't 'rested for settin' this place on fire, you tell him I 'll be down front of City Hall by seven o'clock to-morrow mornin', so 's he can begin the drivin'. Let him git all his friends there, an' show 'em the fun."

"Oh, yes, you 'll be there, o' course!" Reddy replied with a sneer.

"Don't make any mistake 'bout it. I 'm comin' down to give him his chance."

"Want ter git inter the station-house ag'in, eh? They must 'a' treated you mighty fine."

"Don't you worry about my bein' 'rested, an' if Skip Jellison cares to see me after what he 's done to-night, let him be there," Teddy said in a dignified tone, as he motioned for Carrots to follow him to the opposite side of the street, where they could be nearly alone.

"What kind of a row are you goin' to git inter now?" Carrots asked, his voice literally trembling with fear. "Of course Skip 'll be in front of City Hall, 'cause there 's where he always hangs out. You must keep clear of that place."

"I want him to see me when there 's a big crowd 'round, an' I 'm goin' to get some of that money he stole, between now an' to-morrow night," Teddy said, in such a positive tone that Carrots was plunged into bewilderment.

ESTELLE'S ASTRONOMY.

BY DELIA HART STONE.

OUR little Estelle

Was perplexed when she found

That this wonderful world

That we live on, is round.

How 't is held in its place

In its orbit so true

Was a puzzle to her,

With no answer in view.

"It must be," said Estelle,

"Like a ball in the air

That is hung by a string;—

But the string is n't there!"

WHAT LYDIA SAW.

BY HERBERT H. SMITH.



LITTLE West Indian girl was playing with her old black nurse under the orange-trees. She had her lap full of sweet-scented frangipani flowers, and was making a pink rope of them, sticking the tube of each flower into the mouth of the next one, as our children string honeysuckles. The old nurse was crooning softly to herself, and watching the child with half-closed eyes; it was almost noon, and the warm air made her drowsy.

"Where 's papa?" asked the child.

"Mahstah Bell? Me not know, missy. He go to Cumb'land dis mawnin' fo' see dat sick man; he was come back 'fo' miamh" (he was to have been back before breakfast, she meant), "but he don' come no moah."

The little girl's father was a physician, and she understood that his duties often kept him away from home. Her face clouded with disappointment for a moment, and then she went on stringing the frangipani flowers.

Suddenly she dropped them, and threw up her hands in alarm; the ground beneath was swaying and trembling, and there was a noise like distant thunder. The old woman threw herself on her face, beating her woolly head, and screaming, "O Lordy! Ah, poo' me! poo' me!"

But it was over in a moment. The child recovered herself first and began to laugh, though rather nervously. "It 's only an earthquake," she said. "Stop crying, mammy; that 's ridic'lous."

Mammy sat up, but she did not laugh. "Missy Lyddy," she said, solemnly, "dat no earquake; dat Moco-jumbo bawlin' away in um mountain, 'cause he well mad."

The Souffrière was a volcano some miles distant. Lydia had never been there, but she had heard of the great crater, and the cone-

shaped hill in the middle of it that was always smoking a little. Only the day before, her father with some other gentlemen had climbed the mountain, and they had noticed that the cone was quite covered with vapor.

Lydia crept up to her nurse, half-frightened and half incredulous.

"But the earthquakes don't hurt people," she said. "Papa told me they were just little ones, not like those in the Spanish countries. There they are *too* awful. Why, they make houses fall down, and kill all the people."

"Dunno 'bout dose. In my country" (the old woman had been born in Africa) "dey not shake um groun' nevah. Moco-jumbo not so bad in my country, 'cause niggah say pray to he; nevah say no pray to he in dis country; so he git mad an' bawl."

It was of course very foolish of the old woman to talk so; but she was full of the old pagan superstitions of her race, though she called herself a Christian.

The child listened in fear; she was so nervous by this time that when a bell sounded near by, she screamed, and clung to the nurse.

"Dat nothin'. Dat 's jes bell fo' niggah stop work in cane-field." It was the noon bell on a neighboring plantation.

But just then there came a mighty crash—a sound so awful, so stupendous, that the very trees and grass shook with it; the ground rocked and quivered. People ran screaming from the village houses, and threw themselves on their knees, praying and crying and trembling; a horse galloped madly down the road, the broken reins trailing behind him; the dogs cowered and whined.

With a shrill scream the old woman flung herself on the earth as if she would burrow into it; the little girl sank on her knees, sobbing and

moaning, frightened beyond measure, and no wonder.

"Lydia! Lydia!" called her father, who had just come in. He ran out of the house and caught her in his arms.

"Oh, papa! what is it? Mammy says it's Moco-jumbo. I'm *too* frightened," sobbed the child.

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Bell, though he looked grave enough; "there's no such thing

Indeed it looked so at first, for the sides of the column were quite straight, so that it seemed solid; but as the wind caught it, clouds of smoke broke away and drifted westward, darkening the whole sky. After the first crash there had been silence for a moment; but now began a sullen roar like distant thunder, almost continuous though not very loud. All the villagers were out by this time, some watching the mountain, some running off over the road,



"AS THE FIRE ASCENDED, FORKED LIGHTNINGS BEGAN TO PLAY THROUGH THE SMOKE." (SEE PAGE 407.)

as Moco-jumbo. It's the volcano that has burst out. See there!" and he pointed to where a vast column of pitchy smoke was rising.

Mrs. Bell ran out with little Ruby, and all stood watching the mountain. The black mass rose and rose over hills and trees, slowly, it seemed, because they were so far away; but in reality the great cloud was shooting up two hundred feet a second: an awful and yet a magnificent sight.

"Oh, papa!" cried Lyddy, "it's a great, big, large black log sticking up into the sky!"

some—especially the negroes—sobbing and screaming.

Mrs. Bell herself was very nervous, and a little inclined to cry; but she was a brave lady after all, and soon set herself to quieting the children. Fortunately, Dr. Bell was a man of intelligence and courage; and he had long thought that an eruption was probable. During the past year there had been earthquakes almost every day, and sometimes two or three in one day—slight ones, doing no damage, but keeping the ignorant people in a state of constant alarm. Dr. Bell had noticed that these little

earthquakes were always more apparent around the base of the old volcano, and he had reasoned that they were caused by some force beneath it which might become more violent at any time.

Now he took a cheerful tone, to comfort the others. "This eruption had to come," he declared, "but it will be a good thing in the end; it will put a stop to all these earthquakes. We're out of the way of any lava-flow, and if there's danger we shall have plenty of time to get away to Barrouallie or Kingstown. I'm glad it did n't come yesterday, when I was up there."

He and other gentlemen did all they could to quiet the negroes; and when people saw that only smoke came from the volcano, they thought the worst was over, and took courage. Late in the afternoon Dr. Bell went with his wife and the children to the market-square, where they had a better view of the mountain. Half the villagers were gathered there watching it; and truly it was a grand sight. All the afternoon that black pillar shot into the sky, half a mile broad and four or five miles high, it was thought, and the clouds of smoke rolled off westward, far out to sea. There were no flames, but now and then a vivid flash of lightning would shoot over the column. All the time they heard that sound, like low thunder, never ceasing, yet never very loud.

Late in the day the smoke-cloud drifted over the village, bringing stifling sulphur-fumes with it; and presently white ashes began to float down.

People coming from Richmond Plantation and Wallibou reported that the ground there was quite covered with ashes and sand. Then came canoes full of Indians who had fled from their settlement at Morne Ronde, just at the base of the volcano.

All this Lydia saw, standing by her mother's side in the market-square; little four-year-old Ruby gazing also with wide-open eyes, but understanding very little of it all. After a while they went home; the frightened servants were called in, and Mrs. Bell managed to get supper. The doctor was talking cheerfully all the time, and indeed it seemed now that there was not much to fear. As night came on, a slight glow

of fire could be seen on the mountain, and the smoke-column was as thick as ever; but that was all. Most of the villagers gave up watching it and went home to bed. Lydia slept soundly with her arms around little Ruby; the children, after their first fright, had quite enjoyed the excitement.

When Lydia woke next morning—it was Tuesday—the rumbling sound was louder than before, and there was a strong smell of burning sulphur. The little girls ran out of doors, and found the grass and trees everywhere white with ashes which were floating down.

"Dah, Missy Lyddy," cried old mammy, hobbling up, "what me tell you, eh? Moco-jumbo comin' fas' enough now!"

Just then Dr. Bell strode out of the house, took the old woman by the shoulders, and shook her as he gave her another scolding. He was not at all a cruel man, but he was thoroughly vexed at Mammy for frightening the children with her Moco-jumbo nonsense.

"See here, Mammy!" he said, at length; "you must stop that, or I'll have you punished. So take care!" The old woman, on this, retreated, muttering to herself; and thereafter she was more chary with her tongue. Mammy held her master in great awe, and knew he would do as he promised.

All that day the eruption continued, and all the next, the ashes falling lightly at times, as smoke-clouds drifted over the village. On Wednesday the sky was again darkened, so that they had to light candles in the house, and the air was full of ashes. Through the gloom they could see flashes of fire on the mountain. But children get used to anything. Lydia and Ruby played about under the orange-trees, soiling their frocks with the ashes, and only pausing now and then as the fire gleamed brighter or the hoarse rumbling increased. The plantation negroes had gone back to work, and the morning and noon bells rang as usual.

On Wednesday night Dr. Bell was called to a patient at Wallibou, three miles away, and much nearer the mountain. At first he hesitated to leave his family; but the call was an urgent one, so he went, promising to be back next day.

Early on Thursday morning the children

jumped from their beds and ran out, as usual, to see the volcano. "Oh, mother!" cried Lyddy with delight. "Come quick! It's *too* beautiful!"

It was a wonderful sight. The wind had wafted the smoke clouds from above them; the rising sun shone on that giant mass, and from black it turned to silver and purple and gold; even the negroes stopped their work to gaze at it. But as they gazed a lurid yellow crept over it; the rumbling sound increased to a roar, and the smoke-column rose higher; there was more to come yet.

Mrs. Bell was very nervous; the more so when a messenger came from her husband, saying he would be detained all day. There were explosions like thunder, that frightened the children. Little Ruby began to cry, and would hardly be comforted.

By noon the rumbling noise grew and grew until it was a mighty roar. The ground began to tremble, not with the rocking motion of an earthquake, but vibrating continually, as a railroad bridge does when a heavy train passes over it. The children, clinging to their mother, watched the smoke-column in awe and wonder. It streamed into the sky like molten pitch, fired now and then by a flash of lightning, or a glow of flame from the crater. The roaring was so loud that at a little distance they could hardly hear one another speak.

The negroes forsook their work in terror; people hurried southward for refuge, women screamed, the dogs crept off to hiding-places, and cattle wandered moaning, half-starved because all the grass was covered with ashes. Once Lydia ran to pick up a little bird that fell near them. It had been overpowered by the vapor, or perhaps hit by one of the small stones that began to drop. Most of these stones were very light, like pumice, else they would have done more damage.

Mrs. Bell grew hourly more anxious. Once or twice she half resolved to go with her children to some safer place. But a gentleman who passed advised her not to; he said he believed they were quite secure there, so long as only the light ashes fell, and he was sure Dr. Bell would hasten back to his family if there was any immediate danger.

By four o'clock the noise was frightful; so loud at times that they stopped their ears; talking was impossible unless they screamed close to each other; and the earth was trembling as if it shared their terror. Little Ruby, in her mother's lap, was moaning and clinging, the poor little face all begrimed with ashes and streaked with tears. The servants, old Mammy included, had disappeared. Mrs. Bell had trouble enough to find some supper, and when they had eaten it she took the children to the market square, mainly for the comfort of being with other people. It was small comfort. Most of the crowd were negroes, and they were groaning on the ground, half dead with terror; only a few of the men showed a little courage.

About seven o'clock in the evening there was a louder crash, if possible; and suddenly, through the smoke, a pillar of fire shot up, spreading as it rose, and dazzling as molten iron. In that fierce glow the darkness turned to a lurid day; the sea all around caught the gleam and every wave was tinged with angry red. And then, as the fire ascended, forked lightnings began to play through the smoke, deafening claps of thunder sounded through the roar and trembling. Then came great balls of dazzling fire, shooting up from the crater; some falling back into it, some hurled over on the mountain-side, where they set the trees and bushes ablaze. And then the awe-struck crowd saw a great river of fire sweep down from the crater, rumbling and hissing as it came, with meteor-like balls hurled here and there, and the whole mountain-side blazing in its track.

At first it seemed to be coming toward them; then it divided at some mountain ridge, and they could see fresh billows of fire pressing over it until it turned westward and was lost to sight behind a hill. An hour later it reappeared near the coast, three miles north of them; and at length it reached the sea, and they could hear the water hissing even in the constant din of the eruption.

Mrs. Bell knew that her husband was at Wallibou, almost in the track of this lava-river; and her heart sank, for she feared he was overwhelmed in it. In her anxiety for him, she hardly noticed another stream of fire that

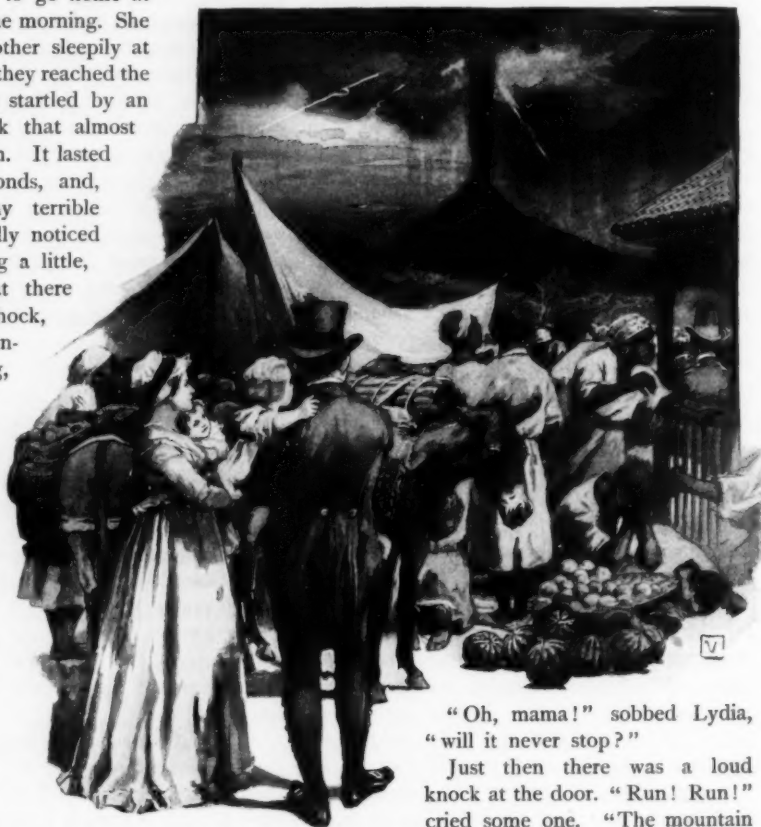
flowed down the eastern side of the mountain. So she stood in the market square until after midnight. A neighbor laid a blanket on the ground for the children to lie on; they were silent between fright and admiration, until nature got the better of them and they fell asleep. Lydia remembered closing her eyes to keep out the glow, and that was all until Mrs. Bell roused her to go home at one o'clock in the morning. She followed her mother sleepily at first; but just as they reached the house they were startled by an earthquake shock that almost threw them down. It lasted only a few seconds, and, among so many terrible things, they hardly noticed it. After waiting a little, and finding that there was no other shock, but only the constant trembling, Mrs. Bell took them into the house.

Patter! tat-tat! came a noise on the roof. It was a shower of cinders and pumice-stones, light as chips. Looking through the window, Mrs. Bell saw with alarm that some of them were red-hot; one fell on a thatched roof near by,

and set it ablaze; but the men threw a bucket of water over it, putting the fire out in a minute. Mrs. Bell laid the children in bed, because she did not know what else to do; but she did not undress them, and for two or three hours she sat by the window, far too nervous to sleep. Indeed, it was an anxious night for her. She thought her husband must

be dead, and she did not know how soon the village itself might be overwhelmed by a shower of ashes, or set on fire by hot cinders.

About four o'clock there was a loud clatter on the roof. Lydia started awake, and sat up in bed listening to it; the air seemed to be full of flying stones. Her mother came and tried to soothe her, but she was badly frightened herself.



"SHE TOOK THE CHILDREN TO THE MARKET-SQUARE, FOR THE COMFORT OF BEING WITH OTHER PEOPLE."

"Oh, mama!" sobbed Lydia, "will it never stop?"

Just then there was a loud knock at the door. "Run! Run!" cried some one. "The mountain is raining stones. Run to Barrouallie!"

Mrs. Bell caught up Lydia's old-fashioned peaked hat, and put it on her head; then she picked up the sleeping Ruby and ran out of the door, Lydia following. Luckily, most of the stones had fallen in the first shower, and only here and there one was dropping. People were hurrying along the road, and they joined the stream, running as fast as they could over

the hill southward. On top of the ridge Lydia turned for a moment to look at that awful, flaming mass,—the great column of fire flashing through the smoke-pall, the lightnings darting over it, the two rivers of lava flowing east and west,—and that was the last she saw of the eruption. But just as she turned again, a small stone hit her peaked hat, and glanced off without hurting her.

"Mother! mother!" she cried, "a stone hit me!"

Perhaps her mother did not hear her in the din; she answered nothing, but presently took Lydia's hand, for the child was panting for breath. "Hurry!" she said.

And hurry they did, for miles. I think the neighbors must have helped them; at all events, about noon Mrs. Bell dragged herself and her children up to her brother's house, eleven miles south of their home in Chateaubelair. I have been over the road myself many a time, and know it as a rough and hard one even for a man; it must have been far worse for this tired, frightened woman and her children.

This story is a true one, and was told to me by Lydia herself. She was a very old woman when I saw her,—past ninety years,—and all that I have related occurred in 1812, eighty-four years ago. It was the great eruption of the Soufrière of St. Vincent, one of the smaller West Indian islands. It began at noon on April 27, and the worst was ended by the afternoon of May 1, the day when Mrs. Bell and her children reached her brother's house near Barrouallie.

Lydia Bell sat in our house at Chateaubelair as she told the story; a cheery old lady, with keen eyes, and skin dry as parchment and much yellower.

She told also of the wonder and sympathy of her uncle's family; how the fugitives were put to bed and petted and comforted.

And her father was safe, after all. For some reason he was detained until the great burst of fire, and then he thought it wiser not to come, because he would have been obliged to pass a valley where he judged that the lava might descend. As the fact showed, he was right; the lava rushed down this very valley, overwhelming several negro houses and killing some persons who were trying to pass. Wallibou was

cut off from the rest of the island by this river of fire; but next day Dr. Bell got a canoe and came around to his family by sea. Their house, too, was safe, and they might even have remained in it had they known; for hardly any stones fell at Chateaubelair after the first shower: indeed, no large ones fell there at all.

But the bombardment in some places must have been terrible. I have seen tracts of land, once smooth and fertile plantations, now covered with the great rugged stones so that you have to pick your way among them as you pass. Many of them are four or five feet broad. Of course, these are only the larger stones; the little ones were buried under the soil long ago.

Stones seem to have fallen all through the eruption, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Not long after the first expulsion of smoke, a negro boy was tending goats on a hillside; I have seen the place often. Suddenly a small stone fell near him, and then another. He thought that some of his playmates were pelting him from the bushes, and so began to throw stones in return. But the contest was too unequal, for it was the mountain that was throwing stones at him; and ere long he fled in terror, leaving his goats to their fate.

I have no space to tell you the whole story of this great eruption: how many plantations were ruined by the shower of stones, and, far worse, how fifty or perhaps a hundred people were killed by them, with great numbers of cattle and horses; how the lava dammed back a stream and formed a boiling lake, which broke through after a month and came hissing down the valley, overwhelming a whole negro settlement; how ashes were carried five or six hundred miles out to sea, and Barbados, eighty miles off, was darkened by the cloud, so that people had to grope their way at noon and use candles in their houses; how the explosions were heard hundreds of miles away, and it was thought that they were the guns of a great fleet or army.

But one thing I must tell you. When the eruption was over, and people could ascend the mountain again, they found the crater—the one Dr. Bell had visited—all changed. In-

stead of the smoking cone, there was a lake of water nine hundred feet below, filling the whole area, and so deep that no one has ever been able to fathom it. And beside this, separated from it only by a thin wall, they found a new crater, even larger; it was nearly a mile long, three quarters of a mile wide, and eight hundred feet deep, with sides like walls. That pit was blown out by the great explosion.

I have stood between the two craters, and

looked down into them. The new one is green and pretty now, with bushes and ferns, and no signs of fire; but the old one is a hideous depth of gray green water, through which bubbles are always ascending and bursting into sulphur fumes at the top. Sometimes the wind carries these fumes over the neighboring plantations, for miles around, as if to warn people that the old fires are not yet extinct. I hope it may be long before they break out again!

THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(A Story of the Year 30 A. D.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER X.

IN CAPERNAUM.

WHEN Cyril reached Capernaum he did not find Lois at the house of Abigail. He went there at once, only to be told that his sister had gone to the house of Simon Peter to help, for his wife's mother was sick.

Simon's house was toward the sea; and even before Cyril reached the house he learned that Jesus had not yet returned to Capernaum. He was preaching in one of the neighboring villages, and would not be in his own town again before the Sabbath.

Lois had watched for her brother when the time for Cyril's arrival drew near, and he found her waiting for him in the porch of Simon's house. Her face seemed sad, too, in spite of the pleasure she felt at seeing him.

"I am so glad thou art here," she said, in her very earnest welcome. "I hope that the Teacher will come! She is so sick, I think she will die. Where didst thou leave him?"

Cyril had a wonderful story to tell, but he did not tell it to Lois alone. Even Simon's wife left her mother for a moment, and came

out of the house, and some of her friends came with her. The nearer neighbors had seen Cyril arrive, and they gathered about him to learn the news, according to the custom of village folk. He was quickly the center of a little group of questioners and hearers, old and young, and to them he related the clearing of the Temple by the Teacher of Galilee. Yet they were not so much impressed by the stories of cures, for these Cyril had heard of but had not seen.

"Thou shouldst have remained with him," said Lois, reproachfully. "Then thou couldst have told us more of what he did."

"He will be here on the Sabbath," replied Cyril. "Ye will then see for yourselves what he will do."

"He will not cure anybody on the Sabbath," remarked one of his hearers. "We must wait until next week."

The people separated, and Cyril went into the house; but the questions of Lois had only begun. As they went in, however, she pointed toward the door of the sick room and whispered:

"If the Master could cure her! We think she cannot live. I wish he would come! He does not even know she is sick. Simon is with

him, and perhaps even he has not yet heard of her sickness."

Cyril sympathized with her thoroughly, but as he turned to go, he exclaimed again:

"Lois, if thou hadst but seen him in the Temple. He fears no one. I hope that he will be our leader against the Romans."

Cyril believed that the time for him to be a soldier was drawing near. All through that night he dreamed of marching legions and of battle-fields. When the next morning came he went out to find that the people of Capernaum were waiting in a state of impatient expectation for the arrival of the man whom some of them called "The Prophet of Galilee."

The Sabbath began with the evening of our Friday, and the sun set without the arrival of any further tidings except that the Teacher might be expected to preach in the synagogue on the next day. During that sixth day Lois was too busy for more than a brief talk with her brother, but she was waiting even more eagerly than he.

Sabbath morning came, and the hour (about nine o'clock of our time) for the synagogue services drew near, but Ben Nassur had not been seen in Capernaum. Cyril prepared to go early, but Lois was to remain at Simon's house. She was sincerely glad to be there and to help, but she could not help saying to herself: "I wish I could be at the synagogue, and that I could see and hear him!"

The first thing that Cyril saw to interest him that Sabbath morning was the throng passing along the street toward the synagogue, with the Teacher. He had walked several miles to reach the synagogue, and some of his followers had come all the way with him.

"There is Ben Nassur," exclaimed Cyril. "But who is that behind him?"

The very strict rabbi had strained a point and had walked further than the Law allowed on the Sabbath, in order to attend these synagogue services. The throng was dense, so that the Teacher and his disciples advanced slowly. Among the crowd walked a tall, haggard, wild-eyed man, to whom no other spoke, and from whose parched and panting lips no sound was uttered.

"Is he insane?" whispered Cyril to Ben

Nassur, when they met and when the rabbi had greeted his young kinsman.

"Not so," responded Ben Nassur. "He hath a demon, it is said. Such cases are more and more numerous, nowadays. Only the chief priests can aid these sufferers — they and the most learned rabbis."

Cyril had heard that even the rabbis and the priests avoided undertaking to remedy these evils, which some called 'casting out unclean spirits,' and he asked the question, "What is this they call 'a demon'?"

"No man knoweth," calmly replied the rabbi. "But I have thought that Herod hath one," he added thoughtfully.

The Teacher was now going into the synagogue, and Ben Nassur followed at once, for he wished to secure a place from which he could hear what was said.

During all the usual opening services the Teacher sat in silence, but afterward a parchment copy of the Scriptures was handed him, and he read from it several passages. Then he rolled up the parchment, handed it back to its keeper and began to speak.

Cyril was leaning forward to listen, when he became aware of a man moving close beside him, and a fierce face was pushed forward near his shoulder. Cyril shrank away, almost in fear, for now came a loud voice, as if some power within the man spoke through his lips: "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee, who thou art, the Holy One of God."

Ben Nassur had risen upon his feet, and so had other men, in the intensity of their surprise and curiosity.

But there was no change in the manner of the Master, except that he at once spoke, as if reprovingly:

"Hold thy peace, and come out of him."

Down fell the man, as if some wrestler had thrown him, but when, a moment later, he arose again, he was found to be altogether himself, quiet and sane.

"Is the demon gone?" exclaimed Cyril. "Where did he go? What is he?"

"He is gone," said a man, who had pushed closer to him. "But what a word is this! for

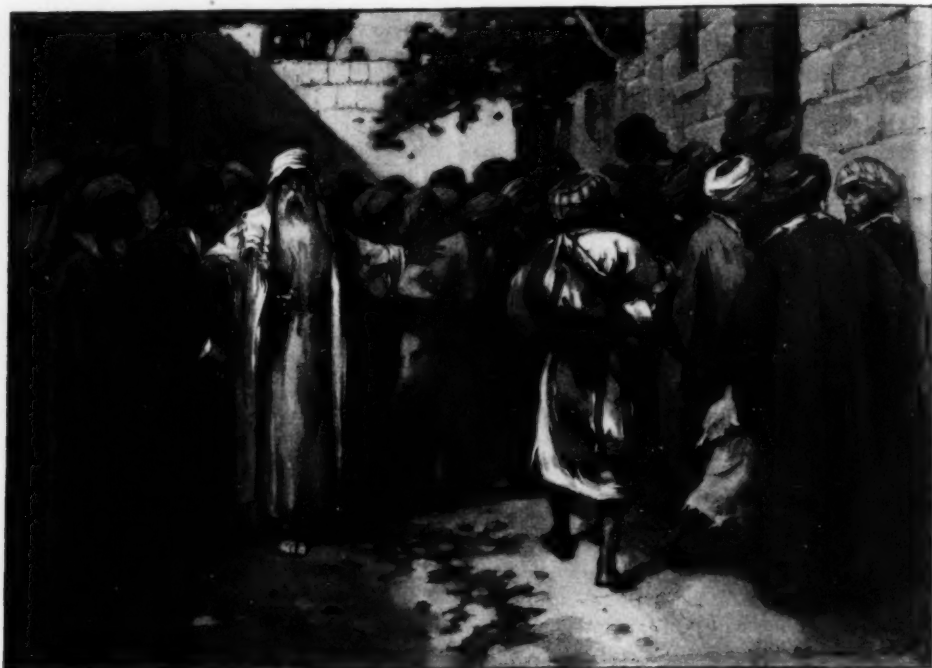
with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out."

Those who stood near Isaac Ben Nassur said afterward that he seemed to be completely overawed by this evidence of power.

As for Cyril, his first impulse was to go and tell Lois. It was all the easier to go, because he could not now get anywhere near the Mas-

He reached the door, but did not pause there. He walked through the main room, and was led into the smaller one, where the sick woman lay.

Little enough could any Jewish physician do for the sufferers from the malignant fevers bred by the marshes around the Sea of Galilee. What would the Teacher do in such a case?



RABBI BEN NASSUR AND THE THROG BEFORE THE HOUSE OF SIMON PETER.

ter, and because the crowd was slowly making its way out of the synagogue. He reached the house of Simon, and Lois listened in silence to his wonderful story; but she seemed to be thinking of something else.

"I am glad the man was cured," she said. "Why cannot the Master do something for the people of this house?"

Cyril did not make any reply, for up the street toward Simon's house, at that moment, was coming the crowd that accompanied the Teacher.

"I believe he is coming to see her," whispered Lois. "I hope he is."

What comfort would he give to the poor woman who lay there tossing and moaning?

The Teacher was now standing by the sick woman, but neither Cyril nor Lois caught the few words that he uttered as he took the sufferer by the hand, and raised her gently. He did not seem to be speaking to her, but Lois exclaimed, joyfully:

"Cyril, Cyril! The fever has left her. She is cured. She is well!"

And indeed the matron so suddenly restored to health was quickly out among her kinsfolk. Her very gladness for her recovery at once expressed itself, moreover, in her zeal for the hos-

pitiable entertainment of him who had cured her, and of her thronging guests.

Not far from the outer doorway stood Isaac Ben Nassur. His face expressed both wonder and disapproval. He, at least, remembered what so many others had forgotten — that this was the Sabbath day, a day upon which not even such ministration to the sick was permitted by the rabbis.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

THE law of the seventh day of the week, as interpreted by the rabbis, enjoined a quiet Sabbath afternoon. During the hours when perfect rest was observed, however, the news of the Teacher's power to heal spread rapidly from house to house; and people everywhere made ready to claim his aid as soon as the Law would let them.

Ben Nassur had been consulted by several persons, and, among other wise remarks, he had said:

"I did not see the water changed into wine. Neither did I see this woman cured. She was cured, she got up, and came out. I know no more than that. I do not say yet what it is best for the people to think or believe concerning this Teacher."

When the sun went down everybody in Capernaum was listening for the trumpet, in front of the synagogue, to tell them that the Sabbath hours were over.

At length came the signal to the clustered homes of the city, and to the scattered dwellings of the fisher-folk along the shore. It was heard by rich and poor alike, by sick and well, and from every direction they went in a swelling tide toward the open space in front of the house of Simon.

It was still daylight when Cyril and Lois stood and watched the Master and the people.

"He laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them," said Lois, as she and Cyril walked away, for the darkness came on, and the crowd was dispersing. "Cyril, I heard some voices crying, 'Thou art the Anointed!' and as if answering them I heard the voice of the Teacher reproving and forbidding them."

"It is not time yet," said Cyril. "If the Ro-

mans suspected that he was the King, and was to be anointed over all Israel, they would slay him."

"Would they really slay him?" exclaimed Lois. "For healing the sick?"

"Not for that," replied Cyril; "but for being the King, to raise a rebellion. I mean to watch all night. If he goes away, I must go with him. How I wish father were here! He would know what to do!"

Neither his son nor his daughter knew where Ezra the Swordmaker was; but it was many and many a long mile from Capernaum. With a number of companions he was in hiding within a great cave.

It was exceedingly dark, excepting in one spot. That also was gloomy and strange enough. A cresset, or basket made of thin strips of iron, for holding embers to give light, swung at the end of a chain that hung from a dim frame-work high above the ground. The cresset was about two yards above a mass of iron, smooth on top, which could be recognized as a rude but serviceable anvil. This was indicated also by a brickwork forge, a bellows, hammers, charcoal, and ashes, with other evidences of the blacksmith's trade.

The place was neither untenanted nor silent. Not far from the anvil sat or lay the party of bearded men, to whom a voice, deep and solemn, was rehearsing the story of the doings at Jerusalem during the Passover week, the cleansing of the Temple, and the teachings of the bold prophet from Nazareth of Galilee.

It was an exciting and wonderful story, for it contained, though with some exaggerations, all the tales brought to Jerusalem by the enthusiastic men of Galilee. The name of Rabbi Ben Nassur and the wonder of the wine at the marriage feast were by no means omitted. Dark faces, bronzed and scarred, upon which the red light fell from the fragments of resinous wood that were blazing in the cresset, grew more striking in the earnestness with which they listened.

Some turned to look at one another, or at the almost unseen narrator, back among the shadows; but one brawny form by the anvil never stirred. This man's head was bowed forward and the face could not be seen; but

one bare arm rested on the mass of iron, so that the hand—a right hand—lay upon the pointed projection at one end. It was a hand, truly, but twisted and gnarled out of all shape, and its very fingers were shrunken to little more than the bones.

"Men and brethren," said the speaker, in conclusion, "they call us robbers of the wilder-

by the Jordan, when he bore witness of this man of Galilee. Let us know from his own lips what he will say of him now."

Then spake the strong man by the anvil:

"Go ye to John. I will go to Galilee to inquire for myself. The boy who was with Rabbi Ben Nassur is my own son. Perhaps he can tell me somewhat. I am of no use



IN THE CAVE OF ADULLAM.

ness; disciples of John the Baptizer; followers of the old faith. We who wait for the hope of Israel know that John, indeed, is in prison. He is bound in the deep dungeon of the fort of Machærus. But this new prophet of Galilee, what shall we say of him?"

There was silence for a moment, and then another voice answered:

"Let us go and ask John. They still permit us to speak with him. Herod has shut John up, but dares not harm him. I was with him,

here. I can ply the hammer no more. Ye must find you another swordmaker. For if this is indeed the King, the day of those who can draw the sword is not distant!"

Slowly he arose to his feet, and in a moment more Ezra the armorer had disappeared in the gloom beyond the red light from the cresset.

There was no gloom in Capernaum that night. There were only such shadows as the moon might permit, while it shone so brightly

among the trees and houses. The lake was one glitter of dancing waves, and in many a household, until slumber quieted all, there were glad hearts and joyous words, because of the sicknesses of all sorts which had departed at the touch of the Master.

Cyril did not sleep. Neither was he at the house of Simon. Lois was there still, although Simon's wife's mother no longer needed the attention of her young nurse. Ben Nassur was at the house of a friend, a rabbi.

Cyril did not sleep, nor did he long remain in one place, for he was, in his own mind, acting as volunteer sentry, or rather guardian, around the house which contained the leader who would yet, he was almost ready to believe, become his captain and his king. All night long he stealthily patrolled, hither and thither, or lay concealed among trees and shrubbery, and at last, in the dark hour that comes before the dawn, he was rewarded. The moon had long since gone down and it was starlight only, but he saw the house-door open. He saw the Teacher walk out, silently, and pass away through the empty streets out of the city. And Cyril followed until a lonely, deserted spot was reached.

"He is safe there," thought Cyril. "I ought to go and tell Simon and the other disciples."

It was a simple task to find them, and then with them went out a rapidly increasing throng to gather around the Master and beg him not to go away. There were still, they said, many sick people in and around Capernaum.

"I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also," was the answer; "for therefore am I sent."

So those who had heard him dispersed to their own places. Isaac Ben Nassur returned to Cana. Lois went back to her needlework at the house of Abigail. Cyril, much against his will, was compelled to go to the fishing-boats and his daily, or, more often, nightly toil upon the Lake of Galilee. He could not possibly accompany the Teacher upon a long tour of preaching and healing, from city to city, and so Lois plainly told him:

"He has not bidden thee to come with him. Thou art better in Simon's boat, or John's, while they are with the Master. I too would wish to go, but I must stay here in Capernaum at work with Abigail."

(To be continued.)

SNOWFLAKES.

BY CHARLES L. BENJAMIN.

SOFT — soft — soft

From their cloudland home
They steal when the gray old world 's at
rest;

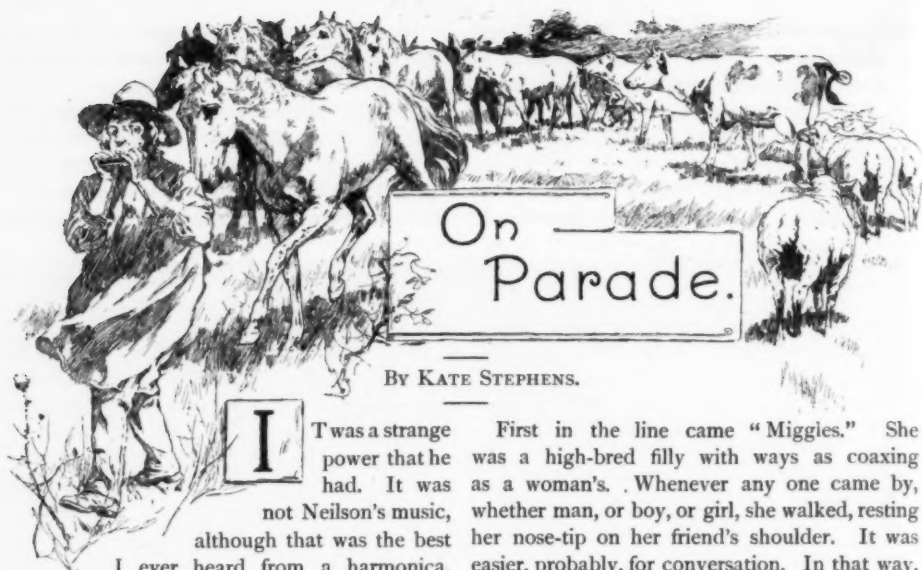
Whiter they than the ocean foam,
Light as the down on the eider's breast;
Soft they fall through the winter night,
Dancing down by the moon's pale light.

They fall — fall — fall

Through the winter night,
Till the gray old world is hid from sight.

They fall — fall — fall
By the moon's pale light,
Till the earth is robed in a robe of white.
They fall — fall — fall
Over all.

Then Winter his bitterest blasts may bring,
But the world is warm where the snow lies deep,
And the snowflakes faithful ward will keep;
And snug 'neath their snowy covering
The flowers will wait for the voice of Spring.



BY KATE STEPHENS.

IT was a strange power that he had. It was not Neilson's music, although that was the best I ever heard from a harmonica. And it was not his military gait. It was surely his real love for the beasts—they were his brothers.

Every Sunday morning, when the weather was fair, you might see these kin of Neilson on parade.

They were the belongings of a big farm, which ran for perhaps a mile along the yellow waters of the Kaw. Overhead you would see white and sunny skies. In the dense woods you would hear cardinal-birds whistle in February, and doves coo in May. The soil was a rich bottom-land, and grew clover and bluegrass and timothy, upon which Neilson's friends fed.

Of a Sunday morning, as I was saying, up and down a meadow he would lead them—round the old oak, twenty feet in girth, standing at one end, then all across field, and down to the brook. They made the figure eight; they made zeros; they circled round the red windmill that was ever whirling to pump sweet water for their troughs. And they made squares and scallops, Neilson all the time leading and blowing for dear life upon his harmonica.

For tunes he played such gay things as "Annie Rooney," "After the Ball," and other airs that his ear had readily caught; also melodies of his native Sweden.

First in the line came "Miggles." She was a high-bred filly with ways as coaxing as a woman's. Whenever any one came by, whether man, or boy, or girl, she walked, resting her nose-tip on her friend's shoulder. It was easier, probably, for conversation. In that way, at least, she used to tell tales of the field's sports.

Then after Miggles came "Dick" and "Nick," and nervous "Betsy Bobbet," and "Fanny Firefly," who was as fine a buckskin mare as ever laid back ear at the thought of any sort of wagon ahead of her; then the other horses, ten or twelve of them in a line. But Miggles was always at the head; and in pace with Miggles, Neilson, blowing like the west wind, and swinging his legs like a new recruit in the goose-step.

Next came the mules. Poor, patient beasts! they never thought of mingling with the horses. Social lines were as clearly and as foolishly drawn in this meadow as in the big world of men. You never saw a simple-minded mule hobnobbing with a high-born horse. The two endured each other's presence, and fed in different patches.

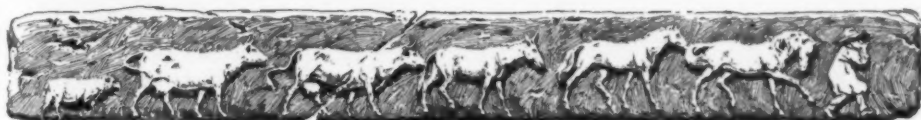
After the mules the cows dragged their slow feet; Jersey and Durham colors marked their skins, but two or three long-horned Texans filled out the herd. Between these thoroughbreds and the natives of the plains there were, however,—and I am glad to say it,—no airs and no exceptions. Together they gossiped and waded the brook in the silent noontide heat. And now they marched in mixed file close

upon the mules—so far along the line, however, that it seemed impossible for Neilson's music to reach their ears.

But perhaps the oddest of all were the sheep. Whether they have a sense of sweet sound I do not know; but they, too, fell in with the spirit of the march. Perhaps, in a silly, mutton-headed way, they wanted to do as other folks did. At any rate, they ambled along in Neilson's great

line, heads down and tails often wagging like mad.

Such was the strange power of Neilson's that I first spoke of. That he could lead so many of his friends, of so different kinds, in so long and devious a march, merely by playing gay tunes on a harmonica and beating time by the swaying of his body—this was surely owing to his love for them and to their love for him.



THE BOY WHO BORROWED TROUBLE.

BY FREDERICK B. OPPER.



THOUGH extremely fond of coasting, this most peculiar lad,
While flying swiftly down the hill, would wear a look of pain;—
For already he was thinking—and it really made him sad—
That very soon he 'd have to climb the whole way up again.

SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER V.

NEW BAGDAD.

THE junior partner made no reply; it was impossible for him to regard the situation from Sindbad's standpoint. If he had read of it in the "Arabian Nights" he would have enjoyed it immensely, and would probably have envied Sindbad's fellow-prisoner. But now that he himself was that fellow-prisoner, seated in a damp boat on a very damp river, on a chilly September night — well, it was quite a different thing.

"I am afraid you are offended, partner," said Sindbad, presently. "Honest, I did n't mean what I said on the train. You see, I was a little upset."

"Yes, but you were ugly before you were upset," returned Tom.

"You don't understand me. My digestion was all wrong — it is now, for that matter. Mrs. Pettibone's table did n't suit me at all; nothing but doughnuts and pie, and pie and doughnuts."

"Mrs. Pettibone makes awful good pies," said Tom, much hurt at this contemptuous reference to the cuisine of the Oakdale Hotel, which he had always considered beyond criticism.

"Maybe she does," replied Sindbad, "but if she had perpetrated one of those atrocities in Bagdad — well, it would have been a sure case of the sack. But never mind about Mrs. Pettibone and her pies: how does the present situation strike you?"

"I can't say I exactly like it," replied Tom after a moment's hesitation. "We don't know where we're going, and —"

"And I don't care," interrupted Sindbad. "One thing I'm sure of: we'll have high old

times. Oh, I can tell in a minute when there's adventure ahead!"

"Hush!" said Tom; "you know that fellow told us not to talk."

"Yes, and I tell you so again," interrupted one of their captors. "I can hear every word you say, and it will all be used against you. 'That fellow!' why, that term, applied to the Grand Vizier of New Bagdad — well, I don't know *exactly* what the penalty will be, but I should say about forty years' imprisonment. Now, don't deny that you said it, because you did. You heard him say it, did n't you, Selim?"

"Yes, your Ineffable Highness," piped a shrill voice, "I did. Those were his very words, and I don't know when I have been so shocked. Why, I have n't been so broken-up by anything since —"

"Oh, do be quiet," interrupted the Grand Vizier, impatiently. "I ought to have known better than to ask you a question."

"Do you mean to say, gentlemen," interrupted Sindbad, his voice trembling with excitement, "that the name of the city to which you are taking us is New Bagdad?"

"I *did* n't mean to say anything about it," replied the Grand Vizier, "but since I have inadvertently done so I reply — yes."

"Well," said Sindbad, "I'm delighted to hear it. Why, this begins to seem like old times. So you are the Grand Vizier! Well, well! And I suppose your ruler is called Sultan."

"He is. But don't ask so many questions; you are almost as annoying as Selim."

Sindbad discreetly relapsed into silence.

"What river is this?" whispered Tom in his partner's ear.

"I don't know," replied the great explorer. "It's only a little canal, I think. You see we fell into the Connecticut river, but we did n't stay there long; these two gentlemen, the

Grand Vizier of New Bagdad and his painstaking and affable assistant, Selim, steered the boat into this stream, and—

"Will you be quiet?" broke in the Grand Vizier. "I'm listening to every word, and I shall report all you say to the Sultan."

"Well," said Tom, heedless of Sindbad's admonitory nudges, "we're not saying anything that we don't wish repeated. I should like to know what river this is, and where New Bagdad is; I never heard of it."

"Oh, yes, he has heard of it, too, Your Highness," interrupted Sindbad, giving his partner's arm a hard pinch; "but he is painfully modest, and does n't like to tell all he knows. Why, everyone is familiar with the geography of New Bagdad."

"No, everyone is n't, either," snapped the Grand Vizier.

"Of course," said Sindbad apologetically, "I mean everyone that *is* anyone."

"I think we've almost reached the New Bosphorus, Your Highness," interrupted Selim at this point. "Shall I turn on the expander?"

"Wait a few minutes," replied the Grand Vizier; "I think the moon will soon be out."

They had been rowing through a stream so narrow that they were brushed many times by the shrubbery on either bank, but this had ceased now; evidently they were in deeper water.

Scarcely had the Grand Vizier spoken when the full moon emerged from behind a murky cloud. Its rays shimmered along the dancing waves and entered a narrow inlet, but a few rods in the wake of the boat.

"Hurrah!" cried Selim shrilly, "we're on the New Bosphorus! Talk about your Hudson and your Mississippi!—why, they're not to be compared with the great, the glorious New Bosphorus."

"Will you *please* try to be quiet, Selim?" said the Grand Vizier in a tone indicative of much annoyance. "The next time I go on an expedition of this sort, *you* won't accompany me—I can tell you that."

"Your Illustrious Highness is pleased to be real cross to-night," grumbled Selim. "Well, shall your unworthy yet thoroughly up-to-date slave turn on the expander now?"

"Go ahead."

Tom was surprised to find that, notwithstanding his big voice, the Grand Vizier was a little insignificant-looking man not more than four feet in height, while Selim was a large, stout individual at least a foot taller than Sindbad. The head of the former was long and narrow, and his countenance had a most forbidding expression; but Selim's face was round and chubby, and wore a good-natured though perhaps rather insipid smile.

Their costumes were purely Arabian, and of rich material.

When the Grand Vizier said, "Go ahead," Selim placed his hand upon a little brass wheel, about eight inches in diameter, at the stern of the boat, and gave it several rapid revolutions.

The result startled Tom so much that he uttered a loud cry, half of astonishment, half of fear; even the blasé Sindbad seemed interested, and, perhaps, a trifle nervous. For the little bark began to spread out in all directions; in a few seconds it was as large as a yacht, then it had assumed the proportions of a schooner, and in less than two minutes it was a full-rigged ship with all sails unfurled. Sailors in Oriental attire were rushing about in all directions in obedience to hoarse orders issued by the Grand Vizier through a trumpet almost as large as himself.

Sindbad and Tom, who had been tumbled about most uncerecermoniously in the course of the transformation, found themselves, when all was over, seated upon the deck near the fore hatchway.

The great explorer tried to assume the air of one to whom this sort of thing was a frequent occurrence; but the attempt was not altogether successful.

"Don't be alarmed, my boy," he said, with a ghastly smile. "If you'd seen as many queer things as I have, you'd laugh at this. It's only a bit of magic, and very nicely done, too; I should really like to see it again."

"No, 't is n't magic," said a voice behind them; "it's science."

Turning, they confronted Selim, who was wiping the perspiration from his face with a large red silk handkerchief.

"It's nothing but science," he went on;

"though I confess it does look like magic. It's an invention of our Sultan's; he calls it a condensed ship. It's adjustable, and we can make this vessel anything from a small scull to a man-of-war. Oh, we New Bagdadites are a very ingenious people!"

Just then the harsh voice of the Grand Vizier cried:

"Where are you, Selim?"

"Right here, Your Highness," was the reply. "I'll be with you in a moment"; and he frisked away, waving his hand gaily at Tom.

"Well," said the boy, drawing a long breath, "did you ever experience anything as queer as this, Mr. Sindbad?"

"I'd have died of *ennui* long ago if I had n't," replied the explorer. "Why, this is nothing at all; but I'm in hopes we have a little excitement ahead of us."

"Well, I guess *you* have," said the junior partner, somewhat offended by his companion's contemptuous reference to the wonders they had just witnessed. "You heard what Selim said; I believe they intend to — to —"

"Oh, don't be afraid to say it," interrupted Sindbad lightly. "They intend to kill me, but you never heard of my being killed, did you? No; nor will you just at present. I wonder if this town we are approaching is New Bagdad."

Tom turned and glanced in the direction in which his partner was looking, then he uttered an exclamation of wonder and delight. Stretching almost from the water's edge to a height of at least a thousand feet, were countless gilded domes and minarets; the city they were approaching was built upon a high and very steep hill; it was lighted only by the rays of the moon.

"Well, that is the handsomest place I ever saw!" cried Tom in genuine admiration.

"It's very evident that you have n't traveled much," said Sindbad sarcastically. "You ought to have seen *old* Bagdad in its best days!"

At this moment Selim came running toward them in great excitement.

"We're almost there," he panted. "What do you think of our city, Sindbad?"

"It's fair to middling," replied the explorer sullenly.

"'Fair to middling,' eh?" said Selim. "So that's all you can say! You'd better express that opinion to the Sultan, and see what happens."

"I meant to say —" began Sindbad hastily, but Selim interrupted him with:

"Never mind what you *meant* to say; I heard what you *did* say. Now, then, come over near the gangway and make ready to disembark."

The two explorers silently obeyed. Five minutes later, escorted by the Grand Vizier and Selim, they crossed the gang-plank and set foot on the soil of New Bagdad.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ROYALTY.

THE straight, narrow street along which our travelers were hurried was lined with tall, detached buildings, of what might be termed the gingerbread style of architecture. No two houses were alike, and all were decorated in the gaudiest and most fantastic manner. There were but few pedestrians abroad, and they hurried past the two strangers with apprehensive glances.

"You have a pretty city, Your Highness," said Sindbad. "I have n't seen as pretty a place in many a long day."

"Pretty is n't the word at all," growled the Grand Vizier. "I should have said magnificent."

"Or sublime, Your Highness," interrupted Selim, "or gorgeous. Why, there are lots and lots of better words than *pretty*."

"And they all apply to your unapproachable city," said Sindbad, smiling at Tom.

"That's better — a good deal better. Now is n't it, Your Highness?" said Selim. "I can't at this moment think of a word that I like better than unapproachable."

"The place *is* as unapproachable as we can make it," said the Grand Vizier; "mighty few foreigners ever get here."

"But see here," interrupted Tom, "how is it that it is n't on the map of the United States?"

"There are a great many things that are not on the map of the United States," answered the Grand Vizier. "But we New Bagdadites acknowledge being directly responsible for the egregious errors made by your surveyors. The fact is, we have a way of concealing the existence of our city from its nearest neighbors."

"And *such* an ingenious way!" interposed

"Oh!" said Selim, in a shocked tone. "Well, I won't tell them then, for it would never do for me to lose my head to-night, when I have so much business on hand. Why, here we are at the palace now! Does n't the time pass quickly when you're in pleasant company?"

"Stand back, and keep quiet," ordered the



"SO THIS IS YOU, IS IT, SINDBAD?" SAID THE SULTAN. (SEE PAGE 422.)

Selim, with childlike glee. "It won't do any harm for me to tell them about it, will it, Your Highness?"

"Oh, no, not much harm — nothing to speak of!" replied the Grand Vizier, grimly, and looking significantly at Selim. "You and they will be executed directly we reach the Sultan's palace — that's all."

Grand Vizier, roughly pushing his subordinate aside, and striding on ahead.

"I don't know when he's been so cross," whispered Selim to Sindbad. "But he's all right at heart, as you'll find, if he does n't induce the Sultan to kill you at sight. Ah, there's the Sultan now! Is n't he looking well to-night?"

They had entered a courtyard paved with marble, and lighted only by the rays of the moon. In its center was a dais, upon which was seated an individual not unlike the Grand Vizier in appearance—a very small man, with his head crowned by a very large and brilliantly jeweled turban.

"Here we are, Your Serenity," announced the Grand Vizier.

"Who are 'we'?" queried the Sultan, rubbing his eyes; he seemed to have been asleep.

"Your unworthy slave whom you were pleased in a moment of weakness to elevate to the office of Grand Vizier: the illiterate and utterly despicable creature, Selim: and their two prisoners, the vile wretch Sindbad, and his unprincipled companion, whose name has not yet been ascertained."

"So this is you, is it, Sindbad?" said the Sultan, gazing with evident interest at the explorer.

"It is, Your Serenity," replied Sindbad. "How are you feeling this evening?"

"Sleepy; and I, therefore, want to dispose of your case as quickly as possible."

"Shall I send Selim for an ax?" asked the Grand Vizier eagerly.

"Not yet, my faithful servitor," said the monarch; then, turning again to Sindbad, he asked: "Who is the boy?"

"He 's my partner, Your Serenity. Allow me: the Sultan of New Bagdad—Mr. Thomas Smith. I 'm happy to have the privilege of making two good fellows acquainted."

Tom bowed clumsily, startled at Sindbad's audacity. But the Sultan did not seem in the least offended.

"I 'm glad to know you both," he said, "and regret that our acquaintance must necessarily be cut short."

"I 'd better send for the ax now, had n't I?" interposed the Grand Vizier.

"No, no!" replied the Sultan impatiently. "There will be no execution to-night, so set your mind at rest on that point. Why, I 'm bound to give these two prisoners an opportunity to think up a few last wishes."

"It is as I feared," sighed the Grand Vizier, "Your Serenity's better nature is coming back."

"No, it is n't either," said the Sultan, pettishly. "I should think you could see that. I

never felt more merciless in the whole course of my life than I do at this moment; but I want to have a little talk with Sindbad and his partner. You and Selim may retire."

The Grand Vizier shuffled away with a dissatisfied air, followed by Selim; who waved his hand at Tom, saying meaningly:

"Good-by; I may n't see you again."

When they were beyond earshot, Sindbad said, addressing the Sultan:

"I 'm very glad of this opportunity for a private interview, Your Serenity. I should particularly like to know why my partner and I have been kidnapped and brought here; I 'm sure it must have been in direct opposition to your wishes."

"No, it was n't," said the Sultan; "it was in accordance with my express commands. But that is one thing I wanted to speak with you about; I am willing to confess that I might not have had you captured had I not seen that it was a necessary political measure."

"I don't understand, Your Serenity," said Sindbad.

"I will explain," the Sultan answered. "You are a professional explorer?"

"I am."

"Just so. And you 've explored nearly every country on the globe except this one, have you not?"

"I have, Your Serenity."

"Well, you have been brought here because the New Bagdadites have a decided objection to being discovered and explored. I can't say that I should mind it so much, for I am nothing if not liberal, but I must recognize and respect the popular feeling. Why, our entire population is divided into Sindbadites and anti-Sindbadites, the latter being largely in the majority. Now you see how I 'm placed, don't you?"

"Dear, dear!" was Sindbad's only response.

"Learning that you were near New Bagdad," continued the Sultan, "and that it would very likely be your next stopping-place, I sent out my Grand Vizier, who is also the commander of my fleet, to capture you."

"And he did it very neatly; I 'll give him credit for that," said Sindbad. "But why do you object so strongly to having New Bagdad explored?"

"For many reasons; because we don't care to be burdened with foreign paupers, because—but what 's the use of going into all that? My people don't want to be discovered, and they won't be, and that settles it. We've succeeded in keeping our existence secret for a long time, but we've always had a haunting fear that you might some day betray it. You having explored all, or nearly all, other lands, we knew our turn *must* come soon. When we heard that you were in Oakdale we decided that the time for action had come. We took action—and here you are. That 's the whole story; I trust I make myself understood?"

"Oh, yes," said Sindbad; "your explanation of the situation is as clear as—as could have been expected of you."

"Thank you very much. And now let me ask you a question: Are you up in science?"

"Well, to a certain extent," replied Sindbad, guardedly. "Why do you ask?"

"Because a scientific problem confronts us, and has been confronting us as long as we can remember. We can't strike a light, and therefore we have no means of artificial illumination."

"And your city depends entirely upon the light of the sun and the moon?" cried Sindbad.

"Exactly."

"But how do you cook your food?"

"We don't cook it," replied the Sultan; "we don't know how to cook it. Now, can you help us out?"

"I can," replied the explorer promptly; "upon certain terms."

"What terms?" cried the Sultan eagerly.

"That my life and that of my partner be spared."

The monarch shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

"I can't promise that," he said, "but I will agree to use my influence in your behalf."

"That will be satisfactory, Your Serenity," replied Sindbad. "With your influence and my tact—"

"All right, then," interrupted the Sultan impatiently; "you may consider that as settled. And now let 's see you make a fire."

"You 'll have to wait until to-morrow, Your Serenity; my matches are all wet."

"Your matches? What are your matches?" asked the Sultan peevishly.

Sindbad explained, the monarch listening attentively.

"Well," he said when the explorer had finished, "matches are a great invention, and no mistake; I wish I 'd known of them before. But do you suppose your matches will be good for anything when they are dried, Sindbad?"

"I have grave doubts on that point, Your Serenity," was the reply; "but if they are not I shall still have my sun-glass."

"What 's a sun-glass?" inquired the Sultan.

"It is a convex glass lens mounted in a frame and furnished with a handle; with it the rays of the sun may be converged into a focus and heat produced."

"Dear me! I don't know what you are talking about," said the Sultan. "Let 's see this wonderful machine."

Sindbad took a sun-glass about four inches in diameter from his pocket, and handed it to the Sultan.

The monarch examined it curiously, turning it over and over; then he said:

"I don't think much of it, but it may be all right; let 's see it work."

"Your Serenity," replied Sindbad, "it is necessary to wait until after sunrise."

"Oh, nonsense!" snapped the Sultan. "If it 'll work with the sun it 'll work with the moon; go ahead."

"Your Serenity's knowledge causes his slave's eyes to stand forth from their sockets with wonder," said the diplomatic explorer; "but, nevertheless, this is not that kind of glass."

"Well, then, we 'll let the experiment go until morning," returned the Sultan. "I'm awfully sleepy anyhow, and I'm tired of talking. What ho! Selim!"

That individual entered, concealing a yawn behind his broad palm.

"Take these two fellows to the nearest dungeon-cell and then get to bed," ordered the monarch.

(To be continued.)

THE LOWEST OF OUR QUADRUPEDS.

(Concluding paper of the Series on North American Quadrupeds.)

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

WE began with the highest of our quadrupeds, and we have now reached the lowest. We have described many animals so keen-eyed and nimble-footed that it takes a good gun and the skill of a good hunter to bring one down. A very few have been able to fight the hunter, and make him afraid. Now, however, we have to finish this branch of our natural history studies among animals so poorly equipped with weapons of offense that in one case Nature has kindly provided a bony coat of mail to protect her handiwork from assault, and to another she has given an instinct which prompts it to feign death in times of mortal peril.

The theories of "evolution by natural selection" and "the influence of environment" are very interesting and well worth study, but, like all things of human invention, they have their limitations. Before deciding that these theories are to be accepted as truths, I would like to have the student look at a little NINE-BANDED ARMADILLO (*Ta-tu'si-a no'vem-cincta*), and tell us whether he got his wonderful suit of plate-armor by chance, by evolution, or by careful design. To my mind, and I say it in all reverence, this wonderful little creature deserves to be classed with the visible evidences of Christianity.

Just look at it for a moment. Its home is on the grassy and treeless savannas of Central and South America, where it is subject to the attacks of the larger birds of prey, and flesh-eating animals generally. It is too small and too puny in strength to run far, and has neither teeth, horns, claws, spines, nor scent-glands with which to fight. Shall it be left utterly defenseless to become the prey of any prowler the moment it emerges from its burrow to seek its daily ration of ants and other food? By no means. And who was it that cunningly

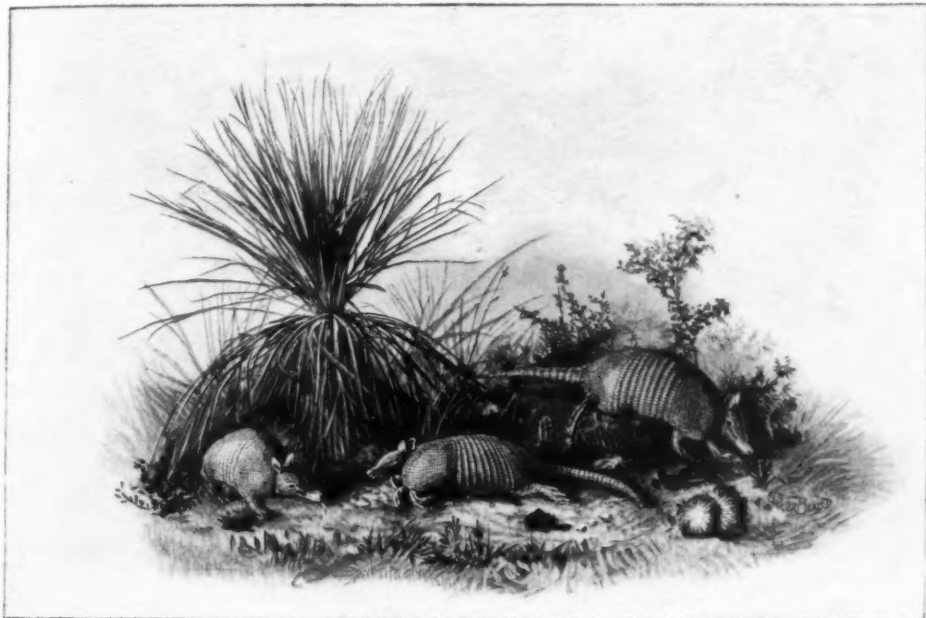
devised the Armadillo's suit of bony plate-armor, with nine ring-like joints in the middle, so that it would bend easily? Why, even its long, opossum-like tail is ringed all around with bone, and protected quite to its tip. The lower parts of the animal are not covered by the shield,—and why? It is so that in times of danger little Tatusia can fold up his legs neatly, tuck them and his head also close against the yielding flesh of his body, and in an instant make everything snug by rolling himself into a ball, leaving nothing but his hard shell exposed. The creature becomes a living nut that is not to be cracked by every enemy that comes along.

In its movements the Armadillo is quick and rather spasmodic, but while it scurries rapidly over the ground for a short distance, its course is soon run. It burrows in holes of its own digging, in dry plains; but its burrows are so shallow, it is an easy matter to dig the creature out whenever one is found at home. I once went a-hunting for "*Cachicamos*," as they are called in Venezuela, on a wide savanna at the head of the Orinoco delta; and, although the day was cloudy and damp, we had good dogs and walked at least ten miles, finding only one Armadillo. It was in a burrow about three feet deep, in the middle of a vast, level prairie. We dug it out with our *machetes*, or long knives, made a "specimen" of it, and, being ourselves in a state of perpetual hunger, ate its flesh with great relish, for it was very good.

The Nine-banded Armadillo is found in southern and southwestern Texas, and thence southward through Mexico and Central America to far distant Paraguay. It is entirely harmless and inoffensive, often kept in captivity, and its flesh is everywhere esteemed palatable food. In size it is a little smaller than our opossum.

In the hot lowland forests of South America there lives a group of animals specially designed by nature to feed upon the ants which are so abominably abundant in the tropics. These animals are called Ant-Eaters, and two of the number — the most interesting ones — have extended their range northward of the Isthmus of Panama, into North America.

end of that curious muzzle, its tongue is like a big angle-worm a foot long, and it has *no teeth whatever!* Its covering is a rough coat of long, coarse, brown hair, most strangely marked by a black band underneath the throat, which on the chest divides into a long, wedge-shaped stripe of black that extends backward and upward across the shoulder.



A GROUP OF NINE-BANDED ARMADILLOS.

With the exception of the jaguar, the GREAT ANT-EATER, the ANT-BEAR, or CRESTED ANT-

BEAR, whichever you choose to call him, is

(*Myr-me-coph'a-ga ju-ba'-ta.*) the most showy quadruped in all South America; nor am I at all sure he is not entitled to first place. In height and bulk a full-grown specimen is about as large as a Newfoundland dog, and is really quite bear-shaped in body and legs. Its tail is long and strong, and bears a tremendous brush of coarse, wiry, brown-black hair, which makes this organ very noticeable. Its head is so small, and its muzzle so fearfully prolonged, that it reminds one of the head and beak of an ibis. Its mouth is a narrow slit across the

To me it has always been a puzzle why this creature should possess such a luxuriant coat of hair in so hot a climate. Another point still more open to criticism is his clubbed fore feet. He walks on his claws, and the outer edges of his fore feet, in a most awkward, and even painful, way, for which there seems to be no adequate excuse — unless his feet were formed that way to vex the souls of wicked taxidermists. Put them as you will, they *will not* look right; but to the living animal their big, strong, hooked claws are very useful in tearing the bark off decayed logs, or ripping open ant-hills for the insertion of that sticky, worm-like tongue. I have often been told by South American hunters that the Ant-Bear uses his long, bushy

tail to sweep up ants with, so that they can be devoured more expeditiously; but I fancy that is only a "yarn."

Even where it is most plentiful, the Great

species ranges as far north as Southern Mexico, and in some localities, where its favorite food is quite abundant, it is frequently seen.

There is one group of animals that seems to



GREAT ANT-EATER.

Ant-Eater is a rare animal. Although I have hunted it many days, I never saw but two specimens alive, one of which was a young one in captivity at Ciudad Bolivar, on the Orinoco, and the other was a magnificent large specimen in Forepaugh's menagerie. Owing to their lack of teeth, and the peculiarities of their diet, they are difficult to keep alive in captivity. North of Panama this species is found only in Guatemala and Costa Rica, and is very rare in both those countries. It lives upon the ground, and its worst enemies are the jaguar and puma.

The TAMANDUA ANT-EATER is about one fourth the size of the preceding species. Its long, opossum-like tail has no brush; its head is very much shorter in proportion; it lives in trees, and is very much commoner than the other. I once was the proud owner of a fine, large specimen, which would climb all over me, and cling to my arms with its feet and tail, quite as lovingly as if I were a tree. This

have been created after nature had grown so weary of supplying good eyes, good legs, teeth, and claws, that she left the poor creatures without either shield, weapons, or the power to run away!

I never see a live Sloth without feeling sorry for it; for truly they all deserve sympathy, and plenty of it. Had I been born a Sloth, I would want to sue Nature, or in

HOFFMANN'S SLOTH, some way collect damages.

(*Choloepus hoffmanni*.) Take HOFFMANN'S SLOTH, for example. It is one of the largest of them all, but it is too weak and helpless to be put



SKULL OF ANT-EATER.

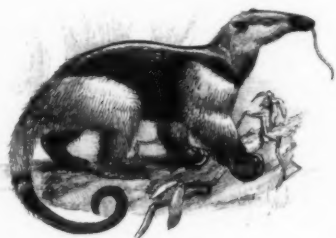
into such a wicked and dangerous world as this has now become. Its countenance is a picture of innocent stupidity, and as it looks at you, its dull eyes and expressionless face say to you, as plainly as words, "Pity me! I cannot fight—I

cannot run away. I have no defensive armor, no spines, nor anything worth mentioning. I am too big to live in a burrow, and, even if I were not, I have none, nor the tools with which to

been better equipped for the battle of life, or else left out of it altogether.

The Sloth lives, moves, and has his being by hanging underneath the smaller limbs of trees, and eating leaves and fruit. He is the slowest animal on record, and for speed in traveling a long journey, say from one side of a tree-top to the other, the tortoise is a lightning express in comparison. It takes a good field-glass to enable you to see him move. His hair is coarse, wavy, and precisely the color of gray moss, or rough bark, although sometimes it supports a minute vegetable organism which gives it an olive-green hue. His feet are simply four hooks, by which he hangs himself very comfortably when feeding in the upper story of a forest, but in walking on the ground they are worse than useless. But the Sloth has no use for the ground, and never goes near it of his own accord.

The tamest hunting in the world is sloth-hunting, in comparison with which the pursuit of



TAMANDUA ANT-EATER.

make one. I am at the mercy of everything and everybody. Why is this thus? Why am I here?"

I give it up. This creature is a riddle that I cannot read. Being only a short-sighted mortal, it seems to me that the Sloths should have



HOFFMANN'S SLOTH.

orchids is quite exciting, and turtle-catching is wild and dangerous sport. But I have done my

CHESTNUT-HEADED SLOTH.

(*Bradypus in-fus-ca-tus*.)

turn at it, nevertheless. Once on the mighty Essequibo River, in British Guiana, I took a native companion, a gun, an ax, and a leaky canoe, and set forth to round up a lot of CHESTNUT-HEADED SLOTHS.

We paddled about thirty miles that day, and picked eight Sloths. They were found by paddling along the shore, and watching the tree-tops for things that looked like big gray spiders. Sometimes we found our Sloth "spread-eagled" on the outer branches of a tree; others would be hanging upside down, as shown in the illustration, but always eating. They eat so slowly that before one meal is over, it is time for the next. Usually the gun would bring them down, but sometimes it was not necessary. Two were taken alive by Paulie, who climbed up and plucked them like so much fruit, and twice we had to cut down trees.

North America had a very narrow escape from being slothless. Two species of three-toed sloths (genus *Bradypus*) are found in Panama,



YAPOK — WATER OPOSSUM.

but the two-toed species (Hoffmann's Sloth, 22 inches in length) is found as far north as northern Costa Rica. Those who have handled the latter species alive say that it possesses very considerable power in its feet, and once a man's hand is within its grasp, its strong, sharp, curved claws can inflict real injury. It is on record that one of these creatures once escaped from captivity, and traveled 800 yards in a single night.

Of the great order *Marsupialia*,—the quad-

rupeds having a pouch in the abdomen, wherein the young are carried and nourished,—America has but one group of representatives, the Opossums. Far distant Australia is the true home of the marsupials, where all save a very few of her mammals are of that kind.

Just why the great zoölogists of the present day should have chosen to consider the Opossum an animal of a lower order than the stupid and helpless Sloth, and the third order from the lowest of all, is not so easy to understand as it ought to be. As a matter of fact, nature has done a great deal for the Opossum—far more than for the great majority of quadrupeds. Note what the creature is, and can do, and match it if you can. It eats almost everything that can be chewed—wild fruit, berries, green corn, insect larvæ, eggs, young birds and quadrupeds, soft-shelled nuts, and certain roots. It is a good climber, and has a very useful prehensile tail. It forages on the ground quite as successfully as any squirrel. It usually burrows under the roots of large trees, where it is impossible for the hunter to dig it out; but sometimes it makes the mistake of choosing a hollow log. When attacked, it often feigns death to throw its assailants off their guard. Like the bear and woodchuck, it stores up a plentiful supply of fat for winter use, when food is scarce; and, above all, the female has a nice, warm pouch in which to carry and protect her helpless young, instead of leaving them in the nest to catch their death of cold, or be devoured by some enemy.

The young of the Opossum vary in number from seven to eleven, and at first are hairless, blind, and utterly helpless. It is not until they are about five weeks old that they begin to venture away from the mother, but for a season they are very careful not to get beyond easy distance from her shaggy coat.

Unfortunately for the VIRGINIA OPOSSUM,

whose range in this VIRGINIA OPOSSUM. country is almost identical with that of the

(*Didelphys virginiana*.)

persimmon and the plantation negro, the toothsome quality of his flesh has made the negro its most deadly enemy. In the South, the moonlight possum hunt, with torches, dogs, guns, and axes, is a diversion not to be despised; but the hungry pot-hunter also has recourse to



VIRGINIA OPOSSUMS.

traps of many kinds for the capture of this much-coveted animal.

There are seven specimens of opossums found in tropical North America, but only one species, the VIRGINIA OPOSSUM, inhabits the United States. It is at home throughout all the Southern States, and from New Jersey westward to the Mississippi River, except in the regions where it has been exterminated. It is also found as far south as Brazil. Its habits have attracted more attention and close study from naturalists than those of any other small mammal on our continent, so far as I am aware.

Thus endeth our lesson on the quadrupeds of our own country and its environs. As these

papers have been in process of creation, the deplorable lack of zoölogical teaching in our public schools — particularly the higher schools in our large cities — has been impressed upon my mind very many times. It seems as if our high-school boys and girls have time, place, and opportunity to learn something of everything save the living creatures that God has made so wonderfully, and put before us to teach us valuable lessons, supply our wants, or provoke us to industry. Will the time ever come when a little systematic knowledge of the inhabitants of this earth will be considered essential to every person who would consider himself fairly educated?

Let us hope so.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By GARRETT NEWKIRK.

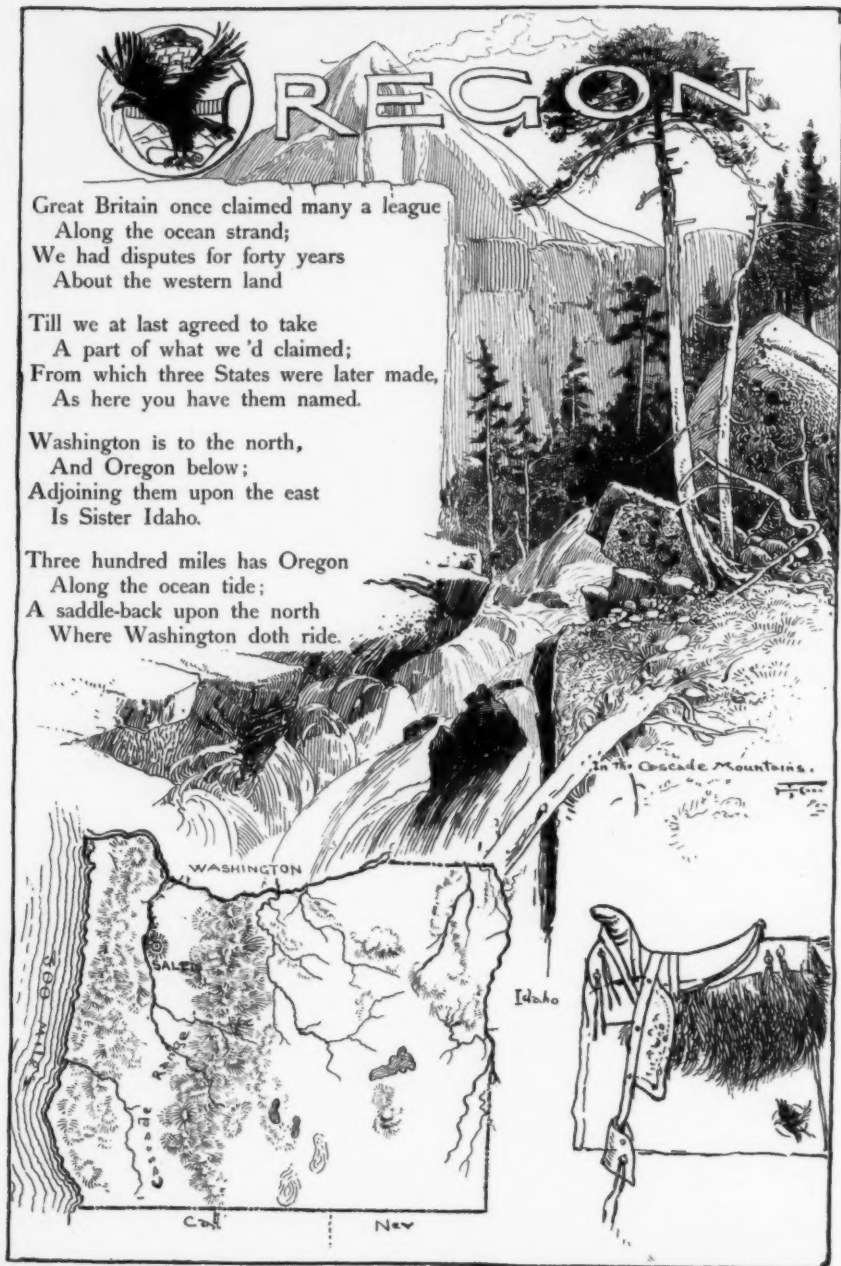


Great Britain once claimed many a league
Along the ocean strand;
We had disputes for forty years
About the western land

Till we at last agreed to take
A part of what we'd claimed;
From which three States were later made,
As here you have them named.

Washington is to the north,
And Oregon below;
Adjoining them upon the east
Is Sister Idaho.

Three hundred miles has Oregon
Along the ocean tide;
A saddle-back upon the north
Where Washington doth ride.





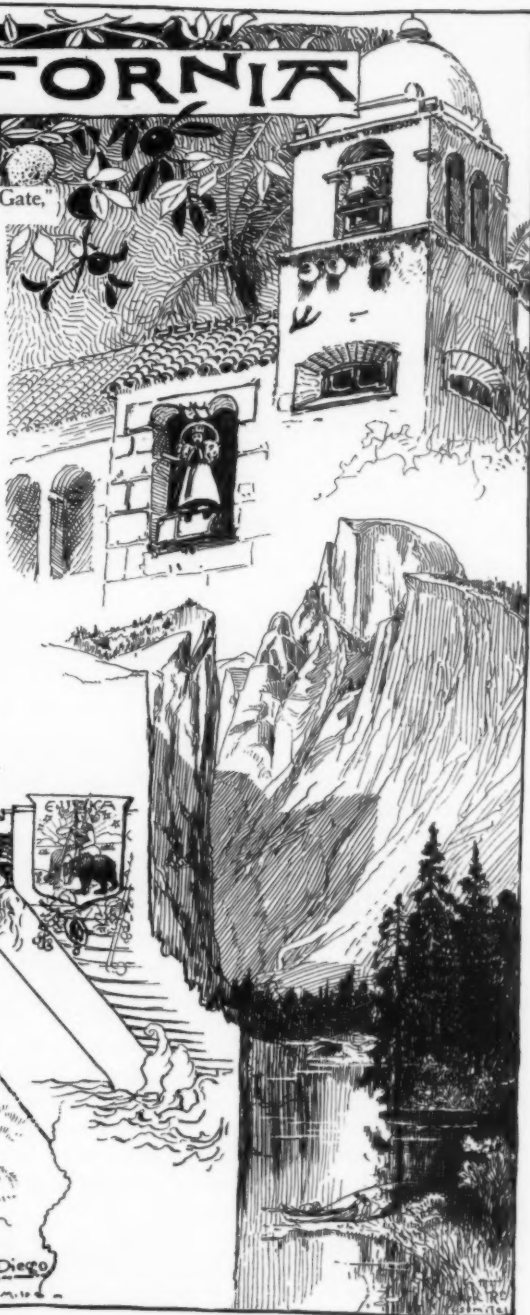
Hurrah! we've reached the "Golden Gate,"
California's joy and pride;
Where all the ships of all the world
At once might safely ride.

Here San Francisco on her hills
Sits proudly by the sea;
While ships from China and Japan
Cast anchor at her quay.

This is a land of fruit and flowers,
A land of golden grain;
Where winters often are as kind
As summers are in Maine.

The warm Pacific waters lave
A thousand miles of shore,
And California every year
Still prospers more and more.

Yosemite, the valley grand,
Is found within this State;
Those who may see it stand in awe
To view the wonder great!



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

(A Prize Puzzle.)

(FOR LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED, SEE PAGE 434).

DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE.

EACH number represents a question to be answered. In case a quotation is used give the book, play, or poem in which it occurs, and the name of the author. Arrange the answers in their proper order to correspond with the questions, and number them on the left-hand margin. Write a short accurate answer opposite each number. For example, if you should read, "A king who never smiled again (41)," you would write your answer in this way: "41. Henry I. of England, it is said, never smiled after his son was lost on the White Ship."

Give your name, age, and address at the top of each page of the answers, leaving space enough above to fasten the pages together. Use sheets of note-paper size, and black ink, and write on only one side of the paper.

Address: Office of St. NICHOLAS,

33 East 17th St., New York City.

And write in left-hand lower corner of the envelope "Fairy Puzzle."

THE Tompkinses were perfectly delighted at first. (3) "T is a well-known story — how on my third

The voice of a dying man was heard,
Commanding my first and second to speed
To the battle's front with flying steed.

No soldier my whole. I warrant him
Best mannered of carpet-knights so prim.

That there should be a fairy godmother at this end of the nineteenth century was surprising enough; it simply took their breath away when she did them the honor to appear at the christening of their son and heir.

They were debating whether to call the little fellow John or Aristides, when the door flew open, and in walked the fairy godmother, armed with a yard-long list of names for them to select from. It began with a baby (1) who, hundreds of years ago, had been placed almost under the feet of the team which his father drove before the plow. This warrior parent was feigning madness at the time, but his anxiety to avoid driving over his child betrayed his sanity.

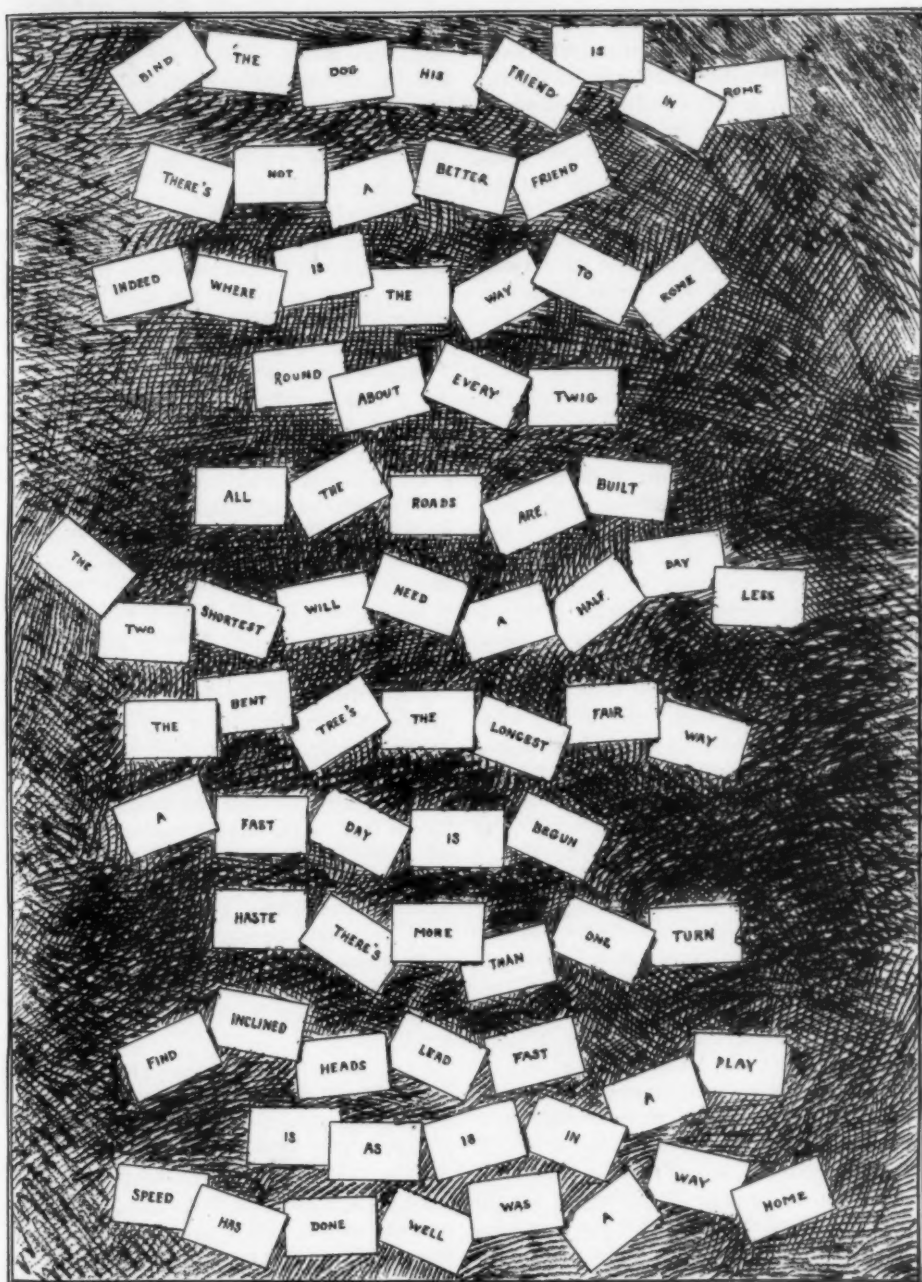
Second on the list came a boy preacher (2) whose eloquence brought disaster to a great number of children nearly seven centuries ago.

Mrs. Tompkins was slyly peeping over the fairy's shoulder, not paying much attention to anything but a charade that sorely puzzled her. Then, when the godmother shifted the paper so that the jingling words were no longer in sight, Mrs. T. found herself repeating them over and over as if her fate depended upon finding an answer.

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. T. "Perhaps the very name we seek lies buried in that charade."

"Pooh!" said the fairy, "if you cracked the nut, the kernel would not repay you for your trouble. Besides, I am determined to have my godson christened by the appellation of the woman called by the poet Longfellow the 'Lady with a Lamp' (4). A testimonial fund worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars was offered to her, and with this fund was established an important institution in aid of the work she loved best."

In vain the parents protested against burdening their son with a woman's name. The fairy answered their objections by citing a dozen instances where girls have been named Josephine, Henrietta, Edwina. For her part, she had a poor opinion of a rule that does not work both ways; but if the Tompkinses disapproved of her views, she would simply withdraw and leave them to their own devices. Seeing her really offended, the parents hastened to effect



THE FAIRY'S PROVERB PUZZLE.

a compromise. They suggested the feminine name of a boy (5) who long ago created a furore in London by his fine acting in Shaksperian tragedy. The mollified fairy then departed, promising to return on the morrow with many gifts, which, she laughingly said, she would fetch in a box of unwelcome things that held also one precious gift (6).

True to her word, she arrived bright and early next morning, but not before the drawing-rooms were thronged with guests invited especially to meet her.

She proceeded without ceremony to open her box, taking care, however, that no one should catch a glimpse of the contents too soon. First, she took out a number of white cards.

"Now," said she, spreading them on a table, "here are seventy-five cards, each bearing a printed word. These seventy-five words, when the cards are placed in proper order, will form twelve well-known proverbs or quotations. But that is not all. You must arrange the twelve lines in six couplets, each couplet perfect in rhyme, though not all are correct in meter. Of course the total number of words will be seventy-five, for every card must be used. It's not very easy work," she added, maliciously, "but the couplets will at least furnish some excellent advice for my godson."

"What!" said the disappointed company, "do you come here on a festive occasion to treat us to moral lessons in poor meter?"

"Ingrates!" the fairy cried, "know ye that insolence to a fairy never goes unpunished? Since you speak so lightly of my verse, you shall learn by experience whether it is easy to put moral lessons in poor meter!"

So saying she gathered up the cards, and laid them on the table in twelve rows, unequal in length, until the entire lot was disposed of.

"Now find your twelve proverbs that rhyme in couplets, and may you enjoy the task!" (7)

With a taunting laugh she whisked out of the room, carrying the box under her arm.

As soon as the door closed behind her the Tompkinses and their visitors began examining the cards.

Meanwhile the fairy had gone upstairs to the nursery. She unlocked the box once more, and drew from it a horse-hair (8) that served a

Sicilian tyrant in rebuking a flatterer who envied him; a coin showing the portrait of an Emperor (9) who was so gigantic that his wife's bracelet made him a finger-ring, and a sprig of the shrub from which a royal house (10) derived its name. These she placed in three corners of the baby's crib.

"To remind thee, little one, of man's frailty, his strength, and his mortality. Now for a talisman"; and she tied to the fourth post of the bed a golden shoe from the hoof of a great commander's favorite horse (11) whose head was like that of another domestic animal.

Then, raising the infant's head, she put under it a silken pillow bordered with hieroglyphics copied from a celebrated stone (12) found by French soldiers in Egypt, and now preserved in the British Museum.

"Though we immortal creatures need it not," said the fairy, "I do not forget that one of the greatest boons to humanity is balmy sleep."

After several times waving a Flower of the Sun (13) above the crib, the fairy tripped lightly into the hall and down stairs.

There she found the Tompkinses and their friends still engaged in trying to solve the proverb puzzle.

Disguising herself as a gipsy the fairy advanced toward the table and asked if she might try her luck; then, without waiting for consent, she tossed the cards about the table. Lo! presto! the proper couplets lay plain as day before the bewildered guests.

"Come," said the fairy, "since I have proved so brilliant in this instance, suppose I try palmistry and tell your fortunes."

Of course each guest instantly extended a hand.

"One at a time, good people," cried the fairy. "You," she continued, examining Tompkins's broad palm, "will become cleverer than the Seven Wise Men of Greece (14).

"You," addressing Mrs. Tompkins, "will some day combine the skill of the spider who tried to compete with a goddess (15), with the perseverance of one who is praised for destroying her work as fast as she completed it (16). You," turning to a very thin gentleman, "who now resemble one who had 'a lean and hungry

look' (17), will grow to resemble another who was 'fat and scant o' breath' (18).

"And I?" cried an old woman, thrusting out fingers brilliant with rings.

"You shall go in search of a jewel worn in the head of an ugly, venomous reptile" (19).

"And now," the fortune-teller ended satirically, "having given you something pleasant to think about, I am ready to receive my reward. What! not a piece of silver among you? Then take this, and this, and this."

Reassuming her fairy form she sprinkled the assembly, not with "the perfumes of Araby" (20), but with water from the brooks in Val-lombrosa (21).

She tore Jupiter's Beard (22) apart, scattered the fragments right and left, and sent bits of Zest (23) flying about the room.

One of the guests venturing to remonstrate, received from her fingers a mere tap that left him "The Man with the Broken Ear" (24).

He remarked afterward that he thought the blow had come from the "Man of the Iron Hand" (25), whose story is told by a great German writer.

Things were now confusion worse confounded, and the fairy seemed to enjoy the turmoil too much to let it subside. She rattled off a number of the most perplexing puns and riddles, which made a jumble something like this:

"There was once an innocent murderer (26),
An Alice who wept with delight (27),

A prelate (28) who met an inglorious death,
When he'd risen for life to a height.

A ship (29) that sails over the raging main

Yet never arrives in port,

A comical player (30) who played on a town

A trick of a terrible sort.

A titled young person (31)— you've read of her oft—

Whose costumes were patches and shreds;

A famous old monster (32) whom, nevertheless,

Women loved till they quite lost their heads.

A poet by nature, a pontiff by name (33)

And a poet who fits every pate (34);

A general (35) always ahead of time,

Though we speak of him now as "the late."

A cliff (36) with a voice every German knows;

A plant (37), bird and human as well;

A soldier who stood for centuries

In a city (38) where thousands fell."

Having delivered herself of this, the fairy bade the company good morning and departed.

"And may it be our last experience of fairy godmothers!" said the Tompkinses as they locked the front door after her. "She has done nothing but tease and torment us since she entered the house!"

You see, they did not know of the gifts she had left with her little godson.

FOR the best sets of answers to the foregoing puzzle according to the conditions of the contest, ST. NICHOLAS offers the following prizes:

One prize of Ten Dollars.

One prize of Nine Dollars.

One prize of Eight Dollars.

One prize of Seven Dollars.

One prize of Six Dollars.

Five prizes of Five Dollars each.

Ten prizes of Three Dollars each.

Fifteen prizes of Two Dollars each.

These, amounting to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, will be given in the form of brand-new one-dollar bills.

Directions for preparing and forwarding the answers are given on page 432.

The competition is limited to subscribers and regular readers of ST. NICHOLAS from the ages of ten to eigh-

teen, inclusive. The Committee of Judges, in awarding the prizes, will take into account not only the correctness of the answers but the age of the sender and the neatness of the manuscript. All sets of answers must be received before March 20th, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

Competitors may ask questions of their parents or friends, and receive suggestions, but all who have been so aided must, in sending in their numbered answers, place a cross (X) opposite the number of each question which they have been helped to solve. As a whole, the puzzle is not very difficult. It requires a ready memory, some knowledge of the best books to be consulted for the answer to any given question, and ingenuity in following up suggestions and clues until the right answer is found. Moreover, many of the questions are directly in the line of certain school studies, and refer to characters, quotations, or historical incidents that are perhaps more famil-

lar to school boys and school girls than to their elders, who have been out of school for some time.

In justice to all competitors, each set of answers sent in must be signed by a parent, guardian, or teacher, giving the sender's name, age, and address in this form: I hereby certify that this is the work of — (name) of — (address), aged —.

Do not write letters or notes that require a reply, as the Editor cannot undertake to answer questions concerning this competition. The conditions are fully stated here.

The puzzle will reward patience and perseverance, and we are sure the boys and girls who read the magazine will be glad to show the tantalizing little Fairy Godmother that their bright wits are equal to her quips and cranks.

A set of prizes in English money is offered upon the same conditions to English readers of the magazine as follows:

- One prize of two pounds sterling,
- Three prizes of one guinea each,
- Ten prizes of a half-sovereign each.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

OUR READERS will appreciate the charming frontispiece of this number, "The Saraband," painted by the French artist F. Roybet. The picture appeals especially to children because of the quaint little dancers who "step it so fealty" to the music their father plays upon the long, antique lute, while the mother looks on with pride.

The saraband is an old dance not unlike the minuet, but even slower and more stately. Probably learned from the Moors, it was danced in Spain to the sound of castanets, and from that country came into wide use and popularity in Europe. The name is applied also to the dance-music; and it is said that an old French poet, when he was dying at the age of ninety, asked to have a saraband played, "that his spirit might pass away more pleasantly!"

WE are glad to print further news of our old friend "Owney of the Mail Bags," in a letter from one of his admirers, and in an item that appeared in the New York "Sun" of December 24:

THE ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1894, told the story of "Owney of the Mail-Bags." We are a family with a liking for dogs, and my boys were much interested in his story, so, when he arrived in our small city in March, 1895, we, as a family, called upon him. He received us kindly and courteously, but paid about as much attention to us as we might expect from Queen Victoria. He is evidently used to callers and consideration.

The postal clerk in whose care he was had him at his own home, and Owney had had a bath and was resting after his journey. He seemed tired and in need of rest, too; so, after one or two short trips he was kept here a week to rest, and during his stay his photograph was taken. It resembles the picture in ST. NICHOLAS except that he had a few checks on his collar, instead of the heavy harness; but the few he wore seemed heavy enough.

We were told that Owney had crossed the Atlantic twice with mail, and was to have returned on the "Elbe" when she made her disastrous voyage, but missed the steamer.

Our friend the postal clerk borrowed the ST. NICHOLAS, so that he might read what it had to say of Owney, for he said our boys knew more about the postal dog than he did.

Owney has not only learned the "secret of the mail bags," but he knows the odor also, and recognizes the postal clerks by it. There is quite a rivalry also among them, for each one wants the honor of a trip with him, but he does not stay long anywhere, and is passed along from one line to another, and I suppose has traveled over much of our country, and would tell many wonderful tales if he could.

A few years ago there was at Cincinnati a convention of the Railway Postal Clerks' Association, and there was a benefit given them by one of the theaters. The hero of the play was a postal-clerk, of course, and the boys were anxious to have Owney appear also. It seemed unusually hard to find him; telegrams were sent in every direction, and he was finally found at Meadville, Pa., where he had evidently decided to take a vacation of a few days. He arrived in Cincinnati in time to appear on the stage on a truck-load of mail, and you may be sure he brought down the house.

The summer after his visit here found him at Tacoma, Wash.; from there he went to Alaska. When he returned he seemed to fancy going to China, and last August left Tacoma on the Northern Pacific steamer "Victoria" for Hong Kong. On arrival there Captain Pantom will start him on a steamer for London by way of India and Suez; thence he is to come by steamer to New York and return overland to Tacoma, making a trip around the world.

Owney is fifteen years of age, rather old for such a journey, and he may decide in his wise old head to return to Albany on his arrival at New York, instead of continuing the trip his friends have planned for him.

ELIZABETH L.—

OWNEY, THE ROVER, RETURNS AFTER A JAUNT AROUND THE GLOBE.

OWNEY, the shaggy little terrier who has been traveling all over North America in postal cars, arrived at this port yesterday on the steamship "Port Philip." There are other curios and a large cargo of tea on the ship. She had hundreds of rats aboard when she sailed from Yokohama, on October 3, but Owney exterminated nearly every one of them, thus fairly working his passage. Owney travels on his reputation. Nobody owns him

now, and his original owner is not known to his many biographers. A mail clerk discovered him, put him on a car at Albany eight or nine years ago, and he stuck by the car until another clerk tagged him and sent him on a long journey. Since then he has traveled across the continent and over Canada many times.

He appeared at Tacoma last August with many tags dangling from his stout, harness-like collar. The "Morning Union" of Tacoma decided to send him on a voyage around the world, and added another tag to the collection, on which was printed: "Owney, boom Tacoma while you live, and when you die be buried in a Tacoma-made coffin." Postmaster A. B. Case of Tacoma contributed another tag, which served as a letter of introduction for the traveler, inscribed: "To all who may meet this dog: Owey is his name. He is the pet of 100,000 postal employees of the United States of America. He starts to-day, Aug. 19, 1895, for a trip around the world. Treat him kindly, and speed him on his journey across ocean and land to Yokohama, Hong Kong, and New York. From New York send him overland to Tacoma by fast mail train. Who knows but that he may compass the globe and beat the record!"

Owey will not beat the record, because he had to wait the pleasure of those who gave him transportation. Captain Grey will bring him up from Quarantine on the Port Philip to-day and take him to the Post-office. He will be put in a mail-wagon and sent up town to the Grand Central Station. His friends the postal clerks will take charge of him and send him flying westward. Owey never crossed an ocean before he started for Yokohama on a Pacific mail steamship. He is a good sailor, though, and apparently enjoyed life on shipboard quite as well as life in a postal car. The Port Philip, in her voyage from Yokohama, brought Owey through the China Sea, Strait of Malacca, Indian Ocean, Gulf of Aden, Red Sea, Suez Canal, Mediterranean Sea, Straits of Gibraltar, and across the Atlantic. He had glimpses of Shanghai, Foochow, Hong Kong, Singapore, Perim, Algiers, and St. Michael's, in the Azores, where the steamship stopped to coal.

THE most striking incident in the story "President For One Hour," printed in the December, 1894, number of ST. NICHOLAS, has recently been enacted in real life, as this clipping from a Philadelphia paper will show:

A DARING FEAT.

(Special to the Public Ledger.)

ALTOONA, Nov. 6.—A few days ago an engine, which had been left standing on the Horseshoe Curve of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Kittanning Point while the engineer and fireman got off to look at a freight wreck, ran away. The fact was telegraphed ahead, and the runaway locomotive was given a clear track through this city. While it was going down the yard about twenty-five miles an hour, Yard Conductor Henry Cresswell, at the risk of his life, managed to jump on and stopped the engine before it had done any damage. For this brave act Conductor Cresswell has received a very complimentary letter from Superintendent Sheppard, accompanied by a check for fifty dollars.

We are glad to print herewith another letter from our little Australian friend, Daisy Mundy. Her young American cousins, besides others of many nationalities, replied generously to her appeal for paper-dolls in the Letter Box of the August ST. NICHOLAS, and this is her answer to them all:

"RUDOT," FULLER'S ROAD, CHATWOOD, N. S. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for inserting my letter and also for so kindly forwarding the letter and dolls from the little girl in Virginia. I think they are lovely and very well made, too. I received 226 letters from the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and to show how widely circulated your magazine is, I had letters from Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Egypt, Jamaica, England, Scotland, Mexico, all parts of Canada, the United States, and South America. I cannot thank the boys and girls enough for their kindness. Some of the parcels came broken, and I do not know whom they are from. I received a lot of paper-dolls, with which I am very pleased. We do not have paper-dolls in Australia, but I heard of them and was always very anxious to get a few. I would be very grateful if you could print my letter, so those who do not receive an acknowledgment will know that their address has been lost through the letter being broken. I had some beautiful dolls, and I cannot thank them enough.

I have had an attack of La Grippe, and so have not been able to write sooner. Wishing a happy, prosperous New Year to you and your readers,

I remain your devoted reader,

DAISY MUNDY.

P. S. Lily also sends love and wishes for a happy New Year.

MORENCI, ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of your readers have lived in a mining camp. This camp, of Morenci, lies in the mountains of Arizona, over 5,000 feet high. It is a copper-mining camp, and it is very interesting to go in the different mines. Some of the shafts are very deep, and the men go down in buckets. Before I had been here long I encountered a large tarantula and a rattlesnake.

I remain your faithful reader, D. F.

LABRADOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl who lives on a Hudson's Bay post on the Labrador coast, and I thought I would like to tell you this little story. This year, 1895, the post has been overrun with squirrels, and these mischievous little animals found their way into the trading store, and in consequence were a great plague. One morning the storekeeper went to the store, and happened to take down a pair of long boots, which were hanging from a beam in the ceiling. As he lifted them down it struck him they were rather heavy. He looked in, and lo! and behold! they were stuffed full of ships' biscuits, prunes, and raisins. He emptied them out on to a box and went to breakfast. When he came back he went to look at a squirrel's trap, but before he got there he saw a squirrel running away from where he had put the biscuits, etc., with a large piece of biscuit in his mouth. He took down two other pairs of boots, and they also were full of biscuits and fruit, so this was where the little rogues had their larder. Don't you think the squirrels chose a funny place for keeping their food? I do. Yours truly,

DOROTHY M. W.—

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear from a little Polish girl who lives in St. Petersburg. We have been taking you for two years, and we like you very much and always look forward to your arrival. I thought some of your readers would like to hear of a trip we made to the greatest waterfall in Europe, called "Inatna," in Finland, near Lake Saïma. We left St. Petersburg at five o'clock in the afternoon. The train for Finland was so crowded that we could not get places for all our party

until we came to Terioky, where some people left the train. We had to change at Viborg, where we had just ten minutes to take our tea, which was very hard to get. There were so many people hurrying and scurrying on all sides, and then so many false alarms, that we thought we should be left behind. However, at last we were comfortably seated and could enjoy the lovely views as we were carried rapidly along. At eleven o'clock we arrived at Imatra and took the diligence and were soon within hearing of the great rushing water of the falls. Oh, how beautiful it was in the moonlight! The hotel was very full, and as we had secured our rooms beforehand by telegram, and were very tired, we went to bed and slept very soundly notwithstanding the noise of the water in its mad rush from rock to rock. In the morning we were soon ready to explore. When we came quite near to the fall, after descending many steps, the water was quite white, and it seemed as if it were boiling with the force and rush of the great volume. We could not stay very long, as we intended to make an excursion to Rauha. The diligence was ready when we went back to the hotel, and we started with three horses (which we call "troika") up hill and down hill, flying along the road singing and laughing all the way until we arrived in sight of the lake at Rauha. There is a hotel where we ordered luncheon, and while it was being prepared we took a boat and went for a row on the lake. In an hour we came back very hungry, had our lunch and returned to Imatra to rest before going to visit the little falls of Imatra. It seemed to me very strange that the waters were quite calm on both sides of the river, but the middle was one seething mass. We hired a man to throw in a barrel and a wooden buoy, to see the effect, and very rapidly they were carried along from wave to wave, dashing against the rocks, until they were carried into the smoother water, where a boy could go in a boat to fetch them. Next morning we took a diligence to Joos-Tilla, where we lunched, and then went in the steamer through Lake Saima. We had to pass through some canals, and it was very amusing to go lower and lower as we passed through the locks. We arrived at Viborg, where we dined, and afterwards took the last train to St. Petersburg, where we remained for the night, or rather for the next morning, for we did not arrive till 2 o'clock A. M., and at ten we were on our way home. My little brother and sisters were waiting to receive us. We were once seven children, but we lost our eldest brother; he was a lover of St. NICHOLAS.

J. B.—.

EAST WINDSOR, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Brooklyn. I stayed for the summer at East Windsor, Conn. They raise tobacco a great deal. Perhaps some of your readers who have never seen tobacco growing would like to know how it is raised. First it is "set out," then it is "hoed" and "cultivated," which means going between the rows with a machine that throws the dirt up on each side. Tobacco sometimes grows to a height of five and a half feet. It has to have the flowers on the top taken off and the shoots or suckers also taken off. There are three ways of getting in tobacco: spearing, hooking, and stringing. The tobacco is hung in a shed and dried. When it is dry it is stripped off the stalks and packed in boxes ready to be sold. The price of tobacco ranges from one cent to fifty cents a pound.

I remain,

Your interested reader, FRED L. H.—.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Greek girl living in Geneva. I have taken your magazine since I was nine

years old (I am now twelve), and I write a letter to you because I have never seen one yet from a Greek girl.

We like Geneva very much. It is a pretty little town, with nice streets and shops, and many trees. It is splendidly situated, and there are lots of beautiful walks just out of town, by the lake, or in the country.

We always spend our summer holidays in the mountainous parts of Switzerland, and generally enjoy ourselves very much when the weather is fine, because then we can go on long excursions, or play tennis. Last year we went on a mountain train part of the way up the Jungfrau, a little lower than where the snow begins. From the hotel we walked to a splendid and very large glacier, in which a man had dug a large ice-grotto.

We went into this grotto, carrying torches; and it was beautiful to see the flame of the torches shining on the ice, which was dark blue, as it was so thick. As we walked back to the hotel we saw many avalanches falling in the valley. They make a dreadful sound like thunder, so loud that we heard several we could not see.

Your affectionate reader, ALEXANDRA M.—.

HYDE PARK, LONDON, W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for eleven years, and have eleven lovely fat volumes at which we are never tired looking.

I wonder if some of your readers would like to hear about the part of the country we were in last year. It was so interesting. We were staying near Cranborne, in Dorsetshire. A few miles away there was a high hill on which were many earthworks made by the Romans. From this camp stretched a large dike, which we could see winding its way for miles over Salisbury Plain. Here and there are dotted barrows where the ancient Britons were buried. In some of these have been found bones, pottery, and flint arrowheads. In the village of Cranborne stands the manor-house, which was built by King John as a hunting-lodge, and it was from there that he started to hunt the deer on Cranborne Chase.

In later years Queen Elizabeth stayed at this house; and we were shown her saddle, and the sofa she once rested upon.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must not take up any more of your most valuable space, so with many, many thanks for the pleasure you have given me in the past, and wishing you all good luck in the future, I shall always remain your devoted admirer, WINIFRED G. B.—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Marguerite and Edith M. T., "Perseus," Bross and Max, Marian G., Annie R., Edgar A. S., Lucy A. D., "Methuselah," Claribel K., Hetty M. A., Pearl K., Florence H., Eleanor M., Margaret E., Carolyn L., Grant T., Samuel P., Fannie C. P., Nyna McE., Louis M. U., Beatrice A. de L., Rufus P. D., J. S. E., Anna S., Ralph A., Eleanor A. M., Blanche E. S., "A Friend," Cora C., C. T., Jr., Bessie C., Belle B., Albert S. C., May A. M., Margaret D., Kate L., A. D. L., Muriel S., "Rhadamanthus," Gertrude Kellogg, Julia Switzer, Claire, Mabel, and Beatrice, Julia Cole, Thirza Bromley, Alice N., Maude and Eugenia R., Margaret de G. H., Bee D., Louise Mattheson, Marjorie Dyrenforth, Elizabeth B. E., Stillman B., Lorna Dickson, Ruby Nicoll, Russell Walton, May and Eleanor, F. M. A., F. de Courcy Heriot, B. L. B., Harry H., Worth Colwell, Julia C., Philip Earle Hamilton, Lottie V. Finley, Margaret Rea, Jamie T. Anderson, Annie C. R., Francis C. Nickerson, J. Homer Hunt, Gordon Morse, E. Baldwin G., Dorothea G., "Evilo," Elta Mae Armstrong, Van Rensselaer G. Wilbur, Kenneth H. Goss, Elsa Elmenhorst, Kathleen Doyle, Nellie P.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Riley. 1. Rakes. 2. Piano. 3. Dolls. 4. Wheel. 5. Daisy.

RHOMBOID. ACROSS: 1. Holes. 2. Raven. 3. Dived. 4. Le-roy. 5. Romeo.

OCTAGON. 1. Zed. 2. Zebra. 3. Ebbd. 4. Dread. 5. Add.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Whittier. Cross-words: 1. Stonebow. 2. Midnight. 3. Material. 4. Munition. 5. Pastoral. 6. Princess. 7. Merchant. 8. Ruminant.

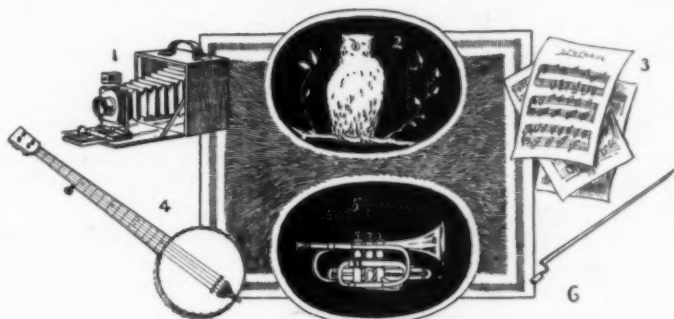
ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Charles Lamb. 1. Can. 2. The. 3. Tea. 4. Arc. 5. Log. 6. Pen. 7. Yes. 8. Ell. 9. Alb. 10. Emu. 11. Hub.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Lochinvar.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Paul Reese—W. and E. G. L.—Josephine Sherwood—G. B. Dyer—P. C. and R. R. Stanwood—"Two Little Brothers"—"The Tellings"—W. Y. W.—"One of Five Cousins"—"Jersey Quartette"—"M. McG."—"Dondy Small"—"Buckeye Nut-cracker"—Clive—Mabel and Henri—Hubert L. Bingay—Clara A. Anthony—Addison Neil Clark—"Charles Carroll"—Jo and I—H. G. E. and A. E.—Blanche and Fred—"Dee and Co."—"Chiddingstone"—Kathlyn B. Stryker—Walter and Eleanor Furman—Robert S. Clement—"9 and 35"—"Four Weeks of Kane"—Paul Kowley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Seth H. Moseley, ad, 1—Emma Giles, 1—P. D. S. and A. M. S., 3—Julia Switzer, 1—No name, Painted Post, 1—G. A. Hallock, 2—Dorothy Gittings, 2—Ethel M. Voxall, 2—Helen M. Shriver, 2—Kate Lowell, 1—Irma Hirsch, 1—Charles Townsend, 1—Abbie Chandler, Elizabeth P. Stevens, Priscilla P. Joutt, and Winifred Hanus, 3—Heien A. Kirkland, 2—Helen L. Enos, 2—Fred K. Haskell, 2—Herbert S. Abraham, 3—W. P. Anderton, 1—A. S. and C. B., 4—"Kearsarge," 1—E. P. and G. S., 2—Albert P. Weymouth, 1—L. O. E., 9—F. Goyeneche, 3—Geneva G. Matthews, 1—Herbert N. Arnstein, 1—"Debe," 1—Mary K. Rake, 1—Ralph C. Turner, 1—Elle K. Talboya, 8—Sabra Scovill, 1—Carl and Conrad V. Blücher, 9—"Kilkenny Cats," 7—J. O'Donohoe Rennie, 1—S. Stankowitch, Jr., 4—"Edge-water Two," 9—"Embla," 9—Florence and Flossie, 9—E. J. Darling, 3—Frank Preston, 6—Frederica Yeager, 6—"Nemo," 4—"Blue-eyed Kitten," 7—H. J. Rose, 2—Marianne and Harriet Hamilton, 9—Chas. R. Hopkins, 1—Marguerite Sturdy, 8—Mary N. Williams, 9—M. J. Philbin, 7—Norman A. Bill, 6—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 9—"Merry and Co.," 8—"The Butterflies," 7—Olive Lupton, 6—E. C. C. E., 6.



ILLUSTRATED FINAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the six objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (which are of unequal length) written one below the other, the final letters will spell the name of an American writer.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. ONE of the United States. 2. Each. 3. A small three-masted vessel. 4. An old word meaning to raise. 5. Silver, pounded into ingots of the shape of a shoe, and used as currency in China. "SAND CRABS."

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a religious holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A cleansing substance. 2. Harmless. 3. A narrow opening. 4. To bridge. 5. Loca-

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Raccoon. Cross-words: 1. Perch. 2. Quail. 3. Yacht. 4. Racer. 5. Goose. 6. Cross. 7. Canoe.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Grate. 2. Roger. 3. Again. 4. Teine. 5. Ernes. II. 1. Crust. 2. Ruler. 3. Ultra. 4. Serry. 5. Trays. III. 1. Scent. 2. Canoe. 3. Endow. 4. Noose. 5. Tewel. IV. 1. Cadet. 2. Anona. 3. Dower. 4. Ensid. 5. Tardy. V. 1. Lacks. 2. Acorn. 3. Coreia. 4. Kring. 5. Snags.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, library; 1 to 3, lappets; 2 to 4, younger; 3 to 4, sampler; 5 to 6, peoples; 5 to 7, paraded; 6 to 8, samples; 7 to 8, damages; 1 to 5, lamp; 2 to 6, yams; 4 to 8, rats; 3 to 7, sled.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Staple, plates, palest, pleats, petals, pastel.

tion. 6. A kitchen utensil. 7. The highest point. 8. Part of a stair. 9. A title of respect used in addressing a sovereign. 10. A group of islands. 11. A bag. 12. To peel. 13. A blow. 14. The fifteenth of March. 15. To remain. 16. To destroy.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

CHARADE.

My first I have no sort of doubt
You will find it in, if you find it out.
My second will be already got
Whether you ever get it or not.
My whole is but a piece of metal,
But its use I will leave for you to settle.
LIZZIE E. JOHNSON.

DIAMOND.

1. In elegant. 2. A small animal. 3. A country of Asia. 4. Sincere. 5. The numbers from thirteen to nineteen. 6. An animal. 7. In elegant.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

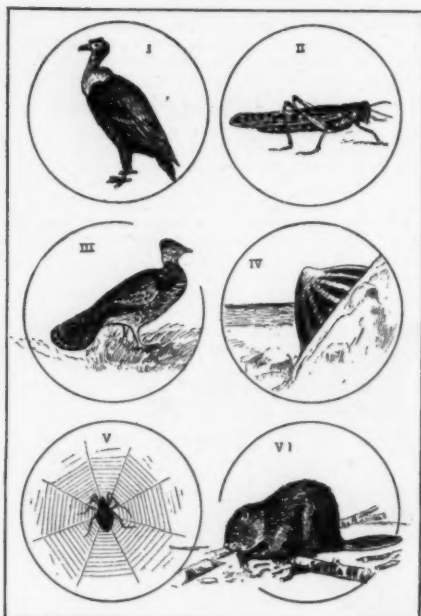
RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

EACH blank is to be filled by a word of four letters. No two words are alike, though the same four letters, properly arranged, may be used to make the five missing words.

Each passer-by did awhile to see
The a-row upon the balcony.
Two little boys forgot their and stood;
One took his as near them as he could.
That of brightness in the dusty street
Held their admiring eyes, and chained their feet.

E. T. CORBETT.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a popular author.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A vessel. 2. To engage for pay. 3. The expressed juice of the grape, or other fruit, before fermentation. 4. An heroic poem. 5. A period of time. 6. Sediment.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. An exclamation. 3. To try to gain. 4. Authentic. 5. To discover. 6. Fastened. 7. A vehicle. 8. A musical tone. 9. In triangle. M. N. M. and M. B. C.

HIDDEN GENERALS.

THE names of seventeen generals are concealed in the following story. Which are they?

Jack Burns, the old fisherman, sat on the lee side of an old stone wall. Jack's only son stood by him eating a rasher Ida Norton, a young emigrant, had given him,

she meantime trying to hook erratic minnows that would not be caught. At his cottage door there stood a man, his garb ragged and torn. "I fear lying in bed will not be well liked in this neighborhood," said Jack, disapprovingly.

The man, by name Alibeu, regarded him crossly. "It's a long street that has no turning," he said. "They will be glad to know me yet. My mother has priceless jewels and my father has bank stock. I will have him organize a bank here. But Leroy must not know—" Here the laughter of the others stopped him, and I heard no more.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Continuing for a long time. 2. A tree that furnished the precious wood of which the ark, tables, and altars of the Jewish tabernacle were made. 3. A female public speaker. 4. Animals of the weasel family. 5. Certain kinds of small dogs. 6. To defame. 7. Uncontrolled.

From I to 2, a Christian name; from 3 to 4, a surname; together they form the name of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

SHE sits beside the 1-2-3-4 fire bright;
Upon her 1-3-4-2 a bonnet,
Tied with a 4-3-1-2, a perfect fright,
A flower were better on it.
She's in 3 1-2-4 because I smiled—
I cannot 1-2-4 3 sulky child.

E. R. BURNS.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The noise made by a serpent. 2. Notion. 3. A line of junction. 4. Exactly similar.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An old word meaning to rob. 2. Like ebony. 3. Empty. 4. Finishes.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. An old word meaning "easy." 2. To abound. 3. An old word meaning "health." 4. An old spelling of "emu."

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A swift animal. 2. An eastern weight for pearls. 3. To rub or grate with a rough file. 4. To catch sight of.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Offensive to the sight. 2. An old word meaning "good will." 3. To look on with sly hatred or contempt. 4. To jerk.

PHILIP LE BOUTILLIER.





"AS ULVIG NEARED THE TRAIN HE WAS HAILED BY THE CONDUCTOR
AND ONE OF THE PASSENGERS."

(SEE "STALLED AT BEAR RUN," PAGE 503.)

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